The Forum

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THE "GROTESQUES" OF PIRANDELLO

By EDWARD STORER

EVER since Giovanni Grasso went touring out of Italy with his players, most people have come to associate the Sicilian drama with every form of violence and sudden death. But the plays with which the lusty Sicilian actor astonished a world unused to such vehement emotions have long been surpassed, and the new dramatists of Sicily, among whom we may include Dr. Luigi Pirandello and Rosso di San Secondo, belong to quite another school. For Pirandello is a Sicilian, and is proud to remind us of the fact now and again in a preface or note to one of his numerous novels or plays. But in speaking of him as a Sicilian, we must not allow the fact more than an accidental significance. He is no truculent highly colored figure in art, no Gascon of the theatre, but rather a weaver of fine dialectical pieces, a creator of cerebral situations infused with a life that is poetic

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and mystical, even philosophical. The language of his plays and novels in its occasional raciness and explosive nervousness is often meridional, but the pains, the doubts and the plaint which inspire this author's work do not belong to the delightful but provincial island of Sicily, but are of our own modern day.

Dr. Luigi Pirandello, who lives in a villa on the outskirts of Rome, began life in the scholastic career, and even now that he has become famous in his own country, still carries on the profession of University professor. When I went to see him and explained to him that I wished to write of his work for the English-speaking and reading public, he at once placed himself at my disposal for such bibliographical information as I required. He mentioned some of his works that have been translated into German, Russian, Spanish and French, and told me the curious reason why his play *Cosi e, se vi pare* (*It's So, if You Think So*) failed to be presented some time ago in London.

In this short article on Dr. Pirandello, who is generally recognized to be the most distinguished dramatist of the new Italian comedy, I propose to treat more of his plays than of his novels, since the former illustrate his later development, and are perhaps more characteristic. But mention must be made of his well-known novel, *Il Fu Mattia Pascal* (*The Late Mattia Pascal*), in which contemporary criticism agrees in finding the starting-point of the "grotesque" movement.

One may say straightaway that, apart from this new dramatic movement of which Pirandello is now the recognized head, or *capo scuola* as they say in Italy, the literary and dramatic field offers few novelties and fewer tendencies. The colored melodramatic-poetic style of D'Annunzio has found imitators and followers in men like Sem Benelli, but the movement is at an end.

Luigi Pirandello's literary activity dates back over a number of years, not many less than thirty. His first productions were novels and volumes of short stories, which,

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if they contained hints of his future development, were not particularly striking and would hardly have led us to expect such works as *Six Personages in Search of an Author* or *Cosi e, se vi pare.* We were still a long way from arriving at what is sometimes spoken of in Italy as "the Pirandellian conscience" or the Pirandello state of mind. It is of this later phase that it will only be profitable to treat of Pirandello the pessimist, the profound pessimist, whose pessimism, because it is profound, is not sad or oppressive, but like a white light of criticism, purifying the life it touches while seeking to exile itself from it.

But a swift synthetic picture of some of Pirandello's best-known works is far more likely to convey an idea of the man and his writings to the reader unacquainted or imperfectly acquainted with them than any amount of theorizing.

The novel *The Late Mattia Pascal* has been rightly judged to be the fecundating influence of the long series of so-called grotesques which have held the boards of the Italian theatre in the last five or six years. The very plot of it, dealing as it does with a supposed suicide which thus allows the protagonist to double his personality, is also the theme of the first grotesque to be played under that designation, the *Maschera e il Volto* (*The Mask and the Face*) of Luigi Chiarelli. In *Mattia Pascal,* whom his family suppose dead and who changes his name and becomes another man with another history, we have the first appearance of a theme dear to Pirandello: that of the man standing outside of himself, the renouncer of life, spiritually beautiful in his almost ascetic resignation. The type is sensitive and suffering, and one does not know if it be more patient in supporting life or more curious as to its puzzling developments. As illustrative of this curious half-wistful kind of curiosity, we may notice the trifling incident in Mattia Pascal where the protagonist, finding no one else to talk to in his pension, converses with the canary. "It jumped about its cage, turned, twisted, looked sideways, shaking its head; then it answered me, asked me questions

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and listened once again. Poor little bird! It understood me, while I did not know what I had said to it."

The central motive of *Il Fu Mattia Pascal,* which in its essence is poetry, since it holds life for a moment in a crystalline solution of thought, is repeated with greater poignancy and with richer effect in the truly extraordinary play, *Cosi e, si vi pare* (*It's So, if It Seems So*). This play, like most of the author's later ones, has a poetic core from which, if many thorns of unseizable dialectic grow, there exhales also a pure spirit of poetry. The atmosphere of the comedy, or "parabola," as Pirandello calls it, is tenderly human, and though the play closes on a baffling note of interrogation, only wilfully pragmatic spirits will be discontent with the mystery under which truth always veils itself. For in *Cosi e, se vi pare* we are perhaps only incidentally concerned with the hopeless question: What is the truth? Pirandello is too fine an artist to pose directly and brutally so disturbing a conundrum to his audience of fellow human beings. He allows a suggestion of the question to reveal itself.

We are introduced to a little provincial town in Italy which for some days has been all excitement on account of a scandal or seeming scandal that has arisen there. A certain mysterious person, Signor Ponza, about whom no one knows anything, has just arrived in the town with his wife and mother-in-law to take up his duties at the prefecture to which he has been attached. But to the amazement of the townspeople, Signor Ponza houses his wife and his mother-in-law in two separate apartments, and will not allow them to meet. The gossip to which this fact gives rise may be imagined by anyone who knows the life of small country towns in any part of the world. The inhabitants can give themselves no rest until some explanation of the supposed mystery be forthcoming. A committee takes the matter in hand, and contrives to make the mother-in-law and Signor Ponza give their accounts of the affair. The new employee at the prefecture says: "You see, my poor

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mother-in-law is mentally deranged. She is under the impression that my wife Julia is her daughter Lina, who was my first wife and who died with all her relations in the earthquake. This second wife of mine, Julia, is of course a different woman, but my poor mother-in-law won't believe it, so to comfort her I allow her to think Julia is her daughter. But, naturally, I must keep the women apart, or the illusion would run the risk of being destroyed." This is quite convincing as far as it goes, but the statement of the mother-in-law, Signora Frola, deepens the mystery. "My unfortunate son-in-law is quite mad," she says in effect, "and he has the strange notion that he lost his wife in the earthquake. He is under the impression that he is now living with a different woman, and insists on calling her Julia, whereas, of course, she is my daughter Lina."

This is a necessarily abrupt and thin description of a situation which in the play is enriched with a multitude of details, all tending to give plausibility to a situation, metaphysical, arithmetical almost in its bareness. The answers given by Signor Ponza and Signora Frola in no way satisfy the townsfolk, now devoured with curiosity. Every tenth man and woman in the place becomes an amateur detective, but the great difficulty which all these worthy people encounter is that the earthquake, which is the *deus ex machina* of the piece, has destroyed all the evidence, written and human, which could go to show whether Signora Frola or her son-in-law were mad. Things at last arrive at such a pitch that the prefect is obliged to intervene and to order the wife Julia or Lina to submit to a cross-examination.

And here the poetry which tenuously haunts most of the plays of Pirandello breathes forth from among the waspish and humorous comments of the townsfolk all pettily determined "to get at the truth." The wife appears before the prefect veiled and disconsolate, sybilline and apart.

"What do you want of me?" she asks. "Here is a private grief which must remain hidden, since only so can the remedy which pity has found for it be of avail." The philo-

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sophic irony of the piece which amounts to dramatic literature is revealed in the final scene:

The Prefect—"But we are ready, we are anxious indeed to respect this feeling of pity. We should, however, just like you to tell us. . . ."

Signora Ponza—"What? The truth: it is simply this: that I am the daughter of the Signora Frola and the second wife of Signor Ponza, and for myself I am no one."

The Prefect—"Ah no, for yourself you must be one or the other."

Signora Ponza—"No, gentlemen; for myself, I am she who people think I am."

The illusion, the poetry, is rather fine, we admit, built though it be on a perilous premise. But that cannot exclude from the charge of a too robust positivism that London manager who, so Dr. Pirandello told me, was anxious to put the piece on at a West End theatre if only the author would agree to alter the ending, and make it clear to the public which of the two characters, Signor Ponza or Signora Frola, was really mad!

Pirandello's literary and dramatic activity, extending as it does over some twenty-five or more years, has produced works of all kinds from the early novels and volumes of short stories like *La Vita Nuda* (*Naked Life*) and *Quando ero matto* (*When I Was Mad*) to his latest and in some respects most remarkable work *Sei Personaggi in cerca d'Autore* (*Six Personages in Search of an Author*).

Pirandello is an extremely prolific writer, and his latest phase has proved more prolific even than the earlier ones. He has written some fourteen or fifteen plays in the space of eight or nine years, besides novels and volumes of stories. He has three new plays in course of preparation at present. He began his dramatic period with some Sicilian peasant plays: *Lumie di Sicilia* and *Liola* (1917). *Liola,* which is one of his best plays, is a country comedy full of the color, the shrill voices and the perfumes of Sicily. It was originally written in the difficult dialect of Girgenti, that shrine

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of Hellenic memories where the two magnificent Greek temples still stand on the burning seashore.

In the early days of his career as a dramatist, Pirandello's works were given almost exclusively by the Sicilian company of players captained by that greatest of living Italian comedians, Angelo Musco. Bit by bit Pirandello emancipated himself from the dialect play and the strictly Sicilian atmosphere, and began his later series of marionettish comedies, including *Pensaci Giacomino!* (*Think About It, Jimmy!*), *Il piacere dell'Onesta* (*The Pleasure of Honesty*), *Tutto per bene* (*All for the Best*), *Come prima, meglio di Prima* (*As Before, but Better than Before*), *Cosi e, se vi pare, L'Innesto* (*The Graft*), *Ma non e una cosa seria* (*But It Isn't a Serious Matter*), *L'Uomo, la Bestia e la Virtu* (*Man, Beast and Virtue*) and the latest, *Sei Personaggi in cerca d'Autore.*

But before looking at the plots of some of the more characteristic of these pieces, it may be well to emphasize some of the faults and weaknesses of the Pirandello comedies. They have often a tendency to be too sophistic; the atmosphere is sometimes so rarefied that there seems no possibility of humanity and human manifestations existing in it. Pirandello, we must recognize, is not an author in his maturer work to please the big public, or the "Sunday public" as they say in Italy, where the middle classes flock to the theatres on the day of rest. The laughs and smiles which he brings to the faces of his audiences have often something bitter about them, or rather they are too little vulgar to please everyone. Again, Pirandello is often exaggeratedly casuistic, and he requires on the part of his audience a mind rendered supple by a certain course of mental gymnastics. He is not always an easy author, and even those who admire him cannot but recognize that he is often an exasperating author. But such are the inevitable faults of this new school of "grotesques," or marionette dramas, where seemingly volitionless puppets are moved by pains and passions, that, torturing them, yet seem to leave them cold. Nor is

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this impression without its inevitable reaction on the audience which derives a refined, an intellectual stimulus from the various manifestations of the Pirandellian conscience. Yet irony, as Nietzsche saw many years ago, is the especial art of our epoch, self-conscious and spiritually diffident, and the irony of Pirandello is fine and at the same time tender —a poet's irony, in fact.

In *Pensaci Giacomino!* (*Think About It, Jimmy!*) we have a typically Pirandellian theme, artificial, grotesque, not quite credible in fact. Marionettes, too, are the characters in *Il Giuoco delle Parti* and *The Pleasure of Honesty*. Yet they interest us as the lineal descendants of the Maeterlinckian shades from whom they really derive, rather than from Bernard Shaw, between whom and Pirandello certain critics have sought to establish an affinity, if not a relationship.

The grotesque note is struck in *Pensaci Giacomino!* by the character, Professor Toti, who at seventy years of age decides to take a young wife for the original reason of revenging himself upon the government which he thinks has always underpaid him. By marrying, he will thus be able when he dies in a few years to oblige the government to pay a considerable pension to his widow. The matter becomes a trifle complicated when the professor discovers that the girl whom he proposes to marry is indeed in urgent need of a marriage in order to regularize a love escapade with a certain young man of the town. So much the better, says the original professor, who is convinced that his action will be thus doubly good and meritorious. We have thus the spectacle of the old professor of natural history careless of the indignation of the whole town which he has aroused, and official father of a child which is not his, looking after Lillina and arranging that Giacomino shall marry her after he is dead. And when Giacomino gets tired of the arrangement and wants to marry another girl, it is Professor Toti who tells him to "think about it, Jimmy," and reconciles

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him with Lillina. Difficult or impossible as the situation is, it gives rise to several extremely amusing scenes.

In *Come Prima, meglio di prima* (*As Before, but Better*), we have another of Pirandello's curious inversions, this time of the traditional trio of husband, wife and lover. The personages do not seem to act from instinctive motives, but rather from prejudices or cerebral conceptions. This comedy is not one of the best works of Pirandello, but it exemplifies very clearly the peculiarities and the excesses of his style. The characters do not philosophize or make speeches, as they do in some of Shaw's plays, but a similar process seems to be going on inside their minds. The audience only gets glimpses of their exaggerated introspectiveness in a series of allusions, of ellipses, of swift changes of front.

In *Sei Personaggi in cerca d'Autore,* the latest play of Pirandello produced in Rome in the spring of this year, we have what is perhaps one of his most characteristic works. At the first night of this "comedy in the making," as the author calls it, there was witnessed at the Argentine Theatre a curious scene. The comedy excited the public to the point that the audience divided itself into two factions, one of which applauded the production vigorously, while the other half hooted, screamed and yelled its disapproval. The majority of opinion was slightly in favor of the play. The audience could not be got out of the theatre after the fall of the curtain for a full quarter of an hour, during which time scores of arguments pro and contra the merit of the new production were taking place in all parts of the house.

In *Six Personages in Search of an Author* we are shown the stage ready for a rehearsal. One by one there enter the manager, the actors and actresses, the electricians, the stage-hands and the prompter. The company is about to rehearse one of Pirandello's plays, *Il Giuoco delle Parti,* for which the actors seem to have a distinct aversion. Suddenly the door-keeper comes and tells the manager that there are six

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persons at the door who insist on coming in. The manager storms and raves, but the six personages walk in unannounced. They are dressed in black; their faces are mysteriously pale; one man has flaming red hair. A tragic air hangs about them all. They seem scarcely human. "Who are they? What on earth do they want?" the astonished manager asks. Timidly, but with a curious unnatural insistence, the red-haired man, who acts as spokesman, explains "We are looking for an author." General consternation. Then bit by bit comes an explanation. The six personages are the members of a family round whose lives fate has woven a web of drama. There is "the father," a man of about fifty; a veiled woman, "the mother"; "the son," a young man about twenty-two; "the step-daughter," a girl of eighteen or so; a youth of fourteen and a little girl of six or seven. The actors think them mad, and want them turned out. The manager says he has not time to receive visits from whole families of unknown people. But the "father" begins to talk, and gradually the company fall under the spell of his words. Involuntarily they listen. The "father" explains that they are six personages of a drama, which one day caught the fancy of an author who was afterwards unwilling or incapable to write their drama. The manager must hear their story. They crave to put themselves into the living action of a drama, they who are real personages with a reality truer and more immutable than that of men. Then we learn their story, or a part of it.

Many years before, "the father" abandoned "the mother," carrying away "the son." "The mother" then took a lover by whom she had three more children, "the step-daughter" and the other two children of the personages who appear on the stage. When this lover died, "the mother" and "the step-daughter" fell upon bad times, and came eventually to work for a modiste of somewhat doubtful character who even allowed her shop to be used for appointments of an irregular nature. "The father" became "a client" of the establishment, and one day was surprised there by his wife, whom he had lost sight of for years, just as he was

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embracing and offering money to "the step-daughter," whom "the mother" had always supposed to be quite virtuous. In the scene that followed, the father learnt who the girl was, and filled with pity for the unfortunate situation of his wife, took the whole family to live with him under his own roof. The experiment, however, proved a failure. One day "the child" is found drowned in a large fountain in the garden of the villa. The manager listens to the strange story, and in the end agrees to fall in with the idea of "the father" and make a drama out of it. The "personages" will react the scene at Madame Pace's, the modiste, and afterwards the actors of the company will repeat the action. The manager casts the parts for this very original comedy, but the "personages" protest that the actors are not in the least like them. In the end, they become convinced that they must let the actors do the acting of their play. When the leading man and woman try to react the scene at the modiste's, of course the whole thing is turned into irony and farce. While they are finishing the scene, Madame Pace herself arrives at the theatre in order to look for her assistant. At this point, "the step-daughter," infected with the tragic reality of the situation, pushes the actors aside and, taking the centre of the stage herself, launches herself into a fine scene of realism. The manager, intent on noting the points of the "comedy," cries out to the stenographer, "curtain, curtain," and the stage-hand, thinking he means the direction literally, lets the curtain down.

In the third act the actors proceed to the reconstruction of the episode when the family are all living together again. "The son" tells the story of how he found "the child" drowned in the big fountain, and while he is engaged in doing this the youth falls to the sound of a revolver shot. To assure everybody, the manager cries out that it is only acting, but "the father" says, "No, no, it is reality." This curious play, full of the wavering, acute and subtle spirit of its author, closes on this note of interrogation. What is realty? What is fiction? The author does not answer us: that is his secret, a secret which he, too, is unable to answer.

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EDUCATION OF THE ADULT WORKER

By VISCOUNT HALDANE

A SOCIAL problem which is today confronting most of the civilized nations is unrest among industrial workers. There appears to be increasing dissatisfaction on the part of labor with the position in which it finds itself. There is an obvious resentment at the extent of the gap which severs the employed from the employer.

Scrutiny seems to disclose that this sense of unrest is due to something deeper-lying than mere difference in the distribution of profit. In this world it does not appear probable that there will ever be equality in the apportionment of riches. Superior intelligence directed to acquisition is likely always to enable certain men to secure more than their neighbors. Even among the working people themselves this is apparent today. But intelligence is no mere gift of unaided nature. It depends for its efficacy on knowledge, and knowledge is largely due to the extent to which the mind has been trained. Consequently if adequate mental development is made the monopoly of a particular stratum in Society the advantage of those in that stratum gives rise to feeling. The question is put why such a monopoly of education should exist. And as the recognition grows of the large part played by intelligence in enabling wealth to be not only accumulated but created, the demand for equality of opportunity in mental training tends to become acute. I think that it is so tending today and will tend to be so still more in the days of trial ahead.

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It is interesting to observe, what my own experience of the working classes has shown me, that the satisfaction of the demand when it exists materially lessens the mere desire for money as an end in itself. The larger the outlook and the greater the sense of the freedom which knowledge brings, the less appears to be the discontent with inequality in the possession of money.

If a man has this outlook and the feeling that in consequence doors are no longer locked on him, he begins to think that there is that which counts far more than large wages. If he has enough to give him a decent home and adequate leisure, he prefers the higher things of the mind to the lower delights of material prosperity. His sense of values alters. I have often noticed this among individual members of the laboring classes in Great Britain and I believe the same thing to be true in America. No doubt men differ—some are innate materialists, but human nature has many varieties and among those who work with their hands there are as many divergences of view as among those who work with their heads. Spinosa, Jacob Boehme, and John Bunyan earned a livelihood with their hands, and found that this did not preclude them from being thinkers and artists of a very high order. The first of these indeed chose the vocation of a polisher of optical glasses in preference to that of a teacher. All three knew well that for him whose mind is full its riches can be made to grow and to be given off in the interstices of labor with the hands. Their experience was not in reality different from that of many a professor.

It is for this reason that education, if it be made adequate, may be looked on with hope as a palliative of industrial unrest. No doubt the standard sought, with this before his mind, by the educated worker is not likely to be a low one. He requires a certain minimum if he is to be really free. But he is also probably thereby the more efficient as a worker. He has a pride in his work as a means to an end and as a duty. It is an integral part of his life for without

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it he would not have earned his leisure, which is most precious when it is the result of effort in earning it.

It is the use made of this leisure that matters just as much as that made of the hours of work. The man who knows and cares how to make the most of his time will look on his life as an entirety, on his work and his interval of rest and reflection as parts of a single whole. Money will not be his chief concern. He will think still more of the chance which his training and knowledge afford him of communing with the best society, with the great minds who have revealed themselves in unrestrained intimacy in the pages of the great books which they have given to the world.

It is the development of the soul of the democracy in this fashion that the movement for the education of the adult worker aims at. The universities effect it for their students within their own walls. Can they not do much to extend the influence which they wield beyond all others to those who cannot come within these walls. Within their walls we cannot bring our democracy excepting occasionally. If we tried to make every workman a university student in the ordinary way we should swamp the universities and sacrifice quality for quantity. But can we not develop the extra-mural work of the universities? Is it not possible to give them a new mission and assist them financially to fulfil it, so that they may be able to train more teachers of high professional attainment and personality, who may go forth into the populous industrial centers and there radiate out the university influence and teaching? It would be a new profession, attractive as experience has shown it to be, to men who would settle for a time, four or five years it may be, and then return to their universities, to have their places taken by others who would go out and continue the teaching.

It is this plan that is the foundation of a new movement which is rapidly taking root in Great Britain, and in which the old universities—Oxford and Cambridge, as well as those which are of recent origin, are assuming their share. The organization is still in its infancy but it is a reality. It

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is being extended as far as the limited means so far available will permit in various directions. I was in a midland town the other day where unemployment was rife, but where one of these university centers had been established. The librarian of the public library told me that never before the working people had become unemployed had the local public library been so run on. Serious books were being sought and study was evident in a vast variety of directions—literary, historical, philosophical and scientific. In another midland industrial center I found that the movement had brought employer and workman into consultation as to how the difficulty of finding markets and prices suitable for them could be met. In yet another center a well known public school had so organized that tutors had come from one of the old universities and systematic courses were being given for men and women alike. Not isolated popular lectures, but regular courses of from twelve to twenty-four lectures a piece, with testing of the results of the students' work and the discussion which is dear to the artisan.

The attempt is now being made systematically in Great Britain to put the movement on an adequate foundation. The record of what has already been accomplished will be found in the Report published in 1919 by the Committee on Adult Education, appointed by the Ministry of Reconstruction and presided over by the Master of Balliol. There are a number of organizations which have been at work in giving effect to the policy. Of these I may mention here The Workers Educational Association, The University Tutorial Class and Extension Movements, The National Adult School Union, and The Co-operative Union. There is a certain amount of assistance given from the Board of Education Grants and from Rates and the Trade Unions themselves are showing signs of joining in. The Universities are doing what they can. But until the Government takes up the new policy vigorously and makes grants in aid of it, progress cannot be rapid. For provision has to be afforded for the training and payment of a large number of addi-

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tional university fellows and tutors and the local authorities must provide the places for work.

The latest organization to come into existence has been the recently established British Institute of Adult Education of which I am myself President, Mr. Clyner, M.P., and the Master of Balliol, Vice-Presidents, and Mr. Albert Mansbridge the Chairman and moving spirit. The object of this new association is not to interfere with the work of the organizations already existing but to define and maintain a high level for the teaching by making its true nature widely known and helping in the effort for its maintenance. It is vital, if this movement is to enlist the full sympathies of the working classes, that the workman should feel that he is being offered a training for his mind which will enable him to assimilate knowledge of high quality. Experience shows that in order to get this training many workmen will come in the evening and spend two hours after a long day of toil in attending the new classes. They often discuss the subjects systematically among themselves at other hours and they produce papers which on many occasions show freshness and originality of ideas. In addition to this they read books which thus become intelligible to them and their leisure time assumes a new significance for their lives.

Such is the plan for making extra-mural work by the Universities available on a large scale for democracy. Fifty years ago Parliament passed a great act for the compulsory education of all children. The feeling is now becoming general that the work must be completed by the offer of a chance of state-assisted education of the university type to all adults. It is true that nine out of ten of these will not have had, under existing conditions, the important preparatory training which secondary education, strictly so called, gives. But the bulk of these will have had, if the new system of continuation schools which by the latest Education Act has been established in principle, matures, some secondary education. Moreover they will have the advantage of the development of a certain moral and mental quality which

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the training of industrial work in association has been found to bring.

The hopes founded on these considerations may prove to have been to sanguine. But the experience already gained as the movement is spreading does not suggest that they will turn out to be so. What is remarkable is the keenness of the response which has already been made in the industrial centers, and the rise in the general level which is apparent wherever the system has matured.

If it becomes more widely spread there is apparently ground for the faith that a method has been discovered for the elimination of much of the class consciousness that is a disturbing factor today. An educated democracy will quietly and swiftly solve its own social questions, and will do this not the less keenly or efficiently because the instrument is that of taking thought before acting, rather than plunging into movement of a revolutionary character.

DISILLUSION

By META FULLER KEENE

Why do you haunt me, ghost of yesterday?
Think not I need you, as I sit and play
Upon the broken lyre of heart and brain;
I do but wish to silence the refrain
That heralded my once triumphant youth
Whose dreams are dust: now will I seek the truth
Of ruthless facts; the cynic's cold reply
That measures with an unrelenting eye,
The eager impulse born of keen desire.
Thus will I quench the inconsiderate fire
The longing kindles in one's heart of hearts—
E're from its outworn home the soul departs,
To leave deserted all it once adorned,
Before Death coveted, what Life had scorned.

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THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES OF THE PSYCHIC

By JOHN CANDEE DEAN

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world; now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.—Hamlet.

ENGLISH critics appear disposed to speak lightly of our circumscribed ideas regarding certain matters of conduct and belief. Matthew Arnold, that apostle of sweetness and light, wrote a book on "Civilization in the United States," in which he tells us that an American of high reputation as a man of science, living in a city of a hundred and fifty thousand people, assured him that there were not fifty people who did not imagine the first chapter of Genesis to be exact history.

Arnold further attempted to prove the lack of general culture in the United States, by the number of Methodists. He says: "In that universally religious country, the religious denomination which has by much the largest number of adherents is that, I believe, of Methodism, originating in John Wesley. Probably if I had been brought up among Wesleyans, I should have never left that body, but certainly I should have wished my children to leave it."

He continues by declaring that to live with one's mind fixed constantly on a mind of the third order, such as Mr. Wesley possessed, and bearing on a matter of absorbing importance, appears to him extremely trying and injurious for the minds of men in general. He says, "People whose minds, in what is the chief concern of their lives, are thus constantly fixed upon a mind of the third order are the staple of the population of the United States in the small towns and country districts."

Recently Mr. W. L. George, an English writer of popular fiction, has been writing of American scenes. He ques-

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tions whether Americans are as moral as they seem and tells rather humorously of the popularity of spiritualism, which is so great that for a time American industry was unable to supply the demand for ouija boards. He says, "It is repulsive to my intellect that it should be possible for a jovial party of hardware merchant's wives in Jacksonville, to call up for conversation the spirit of Napoleon. If it were true, it would make the after life even more intolerable than actual life fortified by the telephone. There is a certain type of mystic that whirls itself into intoxication by piling up words, such as: moron, endoplasm, phagocyte, dissociation, subliminal, etc. It sounds scientific. In fact it is gibberish."

Mr. George also makes some comments on the American soul: "I had not heard much about the soul until I came to America. In England the soul is an understood thing, to be taken out on Sunday for exercise; even then it has to behave, to be less evident than one's shadow. To expose one's soul in England is looked upon as a minor indecency. Of course, in America the soul takes on peculiar forms. It does not come out as an ordinary Christian soul, but as a modern up-to-date soul."

One wonders what Matthew Arnold would have thought of mass culture in America, had he lived to make a third visit and see us today, with our church of Christian Scientists having a membership of one million, five hundred thousand. After estimating John Wesley's mind as third class, in what class would he have placed the mind of Mrs. Eddy? Are the people of this country more wedded to ancient errors than those of other countries? People of all countries love and fear the supernatural. There are a hundred lunar superstitions that are quite generally believed, such as seeing the new moon over the shoulder, regarding the planting of crops, effects on the weather, lunacy, etc. It is useless to say that the moon has no effect on the weather, or in the magic of bringing good or bad luck—they reply that they know better.

Psyche the beautiful Greek goddess, with butterfly

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wings, is still worshipped as the modern goddess of mystery. Her name has been coined into numerous words indicative of mystery. Among them are psycho, psychic, psychogenesis, psychogony, psychologic, psychology, psychopathic, psychosis, etc. The colossal confusion of ideas which prevail in psychology, arises from its not being treated as a physical science—consequently most of the psychological literature appears to be mere waste paper. No doubt, the preliminary difficulties of its investigation are very great, and this is most remarkable since logic itself is a branch of psychology.

Psychologists who treat the mind as an entity, or something that has a separate existence, by so doing take it out of the realms of science. This treatment of the subject, because of its metaphysical association with the implied twofold nature of mind and matter, has given it the name of the "spurious science." Christian Scientists go a step farther and repudiate all science by denying the existence of ponderable matter. To them, but one entity exists, viz.: their own personality. This ultra-idealism practically proclaims the non-existence of an external universe. Ordinary mortals are convinced of the actual existence of matter, by their common sense. The physicist demonstrates it by its mass or weight, and by chemical and mechanical experiment. If we could define the psychic, or spirit, as that attribute of matter called energy, it would fit harmoniously into the system of physical science; but if classed with the "unknowable," it would have no place in physical science.

The logical mind finds that the truths of nature are more wonderful, more beautiful, and more entrancing, than anything the imagination can produce. Is there anything in fiction more novel or marvelous than the realities of astronomy? It has been the favorite science of the poets from Homer to Tennyson. Nothing in the Arabian Nights equals the marvels unfolded by the discoveries in modern astronomy. A tenacious imagination too often leads to obstinate but illusory precepts. Herbert Spencer says, "It may do

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good, and can do no harm, is the plea for many actions which have no more rationality than the worship of a painted stone."

Beginning with Montaigne, rationalism has had a hard struggle to eliminate belief in magic, witchcraft and the psychic. In view of the present rapid accumulation of knowledge, and its certain future progress, what right have we to put a limit to scientific discovery, by declaring that certain phenomena belong to the "unknowable?" We must leave something for the geniuses of the twenty-first and twenty-second centuries to discover. The collective life of humanity has been compared with that of a long lived individual. An educated mind holds the knowledge of the minds of those who have preceded it. It is like the mind of a man who has lived since the beginning of history, whose memories carry him back through all of the past.

So called, psychic force has played a conspicuous part in the phenomena of the past. Men had not then learned to judge by evidence or to place a limit on probability. It is not very long ago that gods, men, monsters, and heroes, were believed to control future events, by setting natural forces aside. The terrors inspired by the superstitions of astrology once ruled the world. In spite of the spread of education, more people today are interested in astrology than in astronomy. They love superstition, and turn from the wise mother, Astronomy, to follow the foolish daughter.

In Roman days, Neptune raised the waves. Pluto heaved the earth. The sun was the actual wheel of Apollo's chariot. Boreas and Notus caused the gales. When the fleet of Xerxes was approaching, the Athenians prayed to Boreas, with the result that part of the fleet was destroyed at Sepias. Jupiter hurled the thunderbolt. Until Franklin flew his kite, thunder and lightning were signals of God's anger. During the Dark Ages superstition and unreason held absolute sway. With the revival of learning, superstitions changed, but tenaciously survived. Copernicus demonstrated that the sun, and not the earth, was the center of our plane-

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tary system, but the world—for a long time—rejected his discovery. There appeared to be a world conspiracy to stifle all scientific genius. Lord Bacon and Shakespeare were born long after the death of Copernicus, but they rejected his system and adhered to the old geocentric belief. Kepler discovered the laws of planetary motion two years before Milton was born, yet the poet did not accept the new system.

In Greek and Roman times, the planets were believed to be carried around in their orbits by the gods. In Christian times they were guided in their orbits by psychic spirits or angels, called by Dante, "blessed movers." Even after the Copernican theory had been accepted by scholars, and Kepler had discovered the laws of planetary motion, these guiding spirits were retained. Galileo lived to see his marvelous discoveries discredited, his works expelled from every university of Europe, and their publication prohibited. The triumph of superstition was complete, until the discovery by Newton of the universal law of gravitation, when planetary movements were placed on a mechanical basis. Then the planetary guiding spirits were dismissed for all time.

Greek and Roman philosophy taught their followers the dogma that they were living in an age of inevitable decay. The Golden Age, which had covered a period of thirty-six thousand years, had expired long before. The period of degeneration would last for another thirty-six thousand years, and then the world would pass into chaos. During the Golden Age life had been perfect, and mankind lived simply and happily. The degenerate age was filled with misery and decay. Christian belief was similar. Deity created the perfect man, but man fell, and during succeeding ages he had been a degenerate. The imagination of early prophets and poets had placed the Golden Age in the cradle of the human race, but modern science has shown that the Golden Age is not behind us but in front of us. The idea of human progress is quite recent. It is said that the

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Abbé Saint Pierre (1737-1814) was the first to assert the intellectual progress of man.

Descartes (1596-1650) had previously declared the supremacy of reason and the immutability of natural laws. Belief in the invariability of nature, aroused strenuous opposition. It conflicted with the belief in an active Providence and denied the possibility of miracles.

The whole course of human experience had heretofore been limited and guided in the interests of the established church. Descartes' theory of the immutability of natural laws, and the mechanical theory of the world, which undermined the dogma of providential interference, was necessary, in order to prepare the world for the theory of human progress. Not till men felt independent of providence could they evolve a theory of progress. It was also necessary, in order to set forth the optimistic theory of the perfection of nature. Natural laws are perfect. He who attempts to oppose, or vary them is rapped on his knuckles by Nature. It is a blow without a word.

The mechanical origin of the entire fabric of the world is now based on Newtonian laws. Astronomy, geology, chemistry and inorganic physics, are absolutely ruled by mechanical laws, on a mathematical foundation. Haeckel says: "The idea of 'design' has absolutely disappeared from this vast domain of science. No scientist ever asks seriously of the 'purpose' of any single phenomenon in the whole of this great field. Is any astronomer likely to enquire seriously today into the purpose of planetary motion, or a mineralogist to seek design in the structure of a crystal? Does the physicist investigate the purpose of electric force, or the chemist that of atomic weight? Certainly, not in the sense that God, or a purposive natural force, has at some time created these fundamental laws of the mechanism of the universe with a definite design, and causes them to work daily in accordance with his rational will." The eternal iron laws of nature have taken the place of the notion of a deliberate architect of the world.

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In the Rev. Baden Powell's, "On the Study and Evidences of Christianity," he expressed a belief in Evolution, considered miracles impossible, and expressed doubts of eternal punishment. Two other clergymen who had contributed articles to the book, were prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Court. They appealed to the Privy Council. The Council decided that a clergyman did not have to believe in eternal punishment. Lord Chancellor Westbury pronounced the judgment. The verdict prompted the following epitaph on Lord Westbury:

"Toward the close of his earthly career he dismissed Hell with costs and took away from Orthodox members of the Church of England their last hope of everlasting damnation."

We are certainly more intolerant than our English cousins. Herbert Spencer, the distinguished scholar who formulated the Synthetic Philosophy, and a brilliant interpreter of inorganic and biological evolution, was a noted agnostic, yet he won the reputation of being the greatest philosopher that the English speaking race had produced. John Morley was an agnostic who backed his unbelief by aggressively spelling God with a small "g" in his essays, yet won popular favor as a statesman, philosopher, and writer. He had a distinguished political career, was made a peer, and took his place in the House of Lords in the company of thirty bishops of the Church of England. Charles Darwin, the great scientist and agnostic, was honored by the chief societies of the civilized world, and buried in the Westminster Abbey near the body of Isaac Newton. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the distinguished lawyer and orator, is said to have had an ambition to become governor of Illinois, but his reputation as an agnostic rendered his political ambition futile. It is related that one day, while Colonel Ingersoll was reading a nicely bound copy of the "Age of Reason," a friend, looking at the book, asked: "What did it cost you?" Ingersoll replied: "The governorship of Illinois."

Very recently contentions arose in a Protestant, mid-

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western, denominational college regarding the teaching of science. Complaints were filed, especially against the teaching of evolutionary principles, as against a miraculous creation. It was also claimed that the president of the college did not believe in, or teach predictive prophecy, miracles, the virgin birth of Christ, etc. It was charged that present methods of teaching science were unsettling the faith and character of students of the college.

It is remarkable how civilization has sometimes moved by rapid mutations, both upward and downward. We have three historical examples of rapid advancement in civilization. The first is that of the Egyptian pyramid builders thirty centuries before Christ, who from a people with crude art and no architecture, in the course of one hundred and fifty years, developed a great civilization which embraced high artistic culture with great mechanical skill. It also furnished conclusive surviving evidence of man's emergence from barbarism, and is a witness of the far-reaching effect of organized government controlled by authority. The second instance, is the familiar example of Greek civilization which blossomed in the fifth century B.C. The last is that of our own enlightenment, with its amazingly rapid evolution of scientific knowledge and the application of this knowledge to industrial development.

Up to the twentieth century, all the world's religions taught the pessimistic dogma of man's retrogression, or fall. Now we are confronted with the optimistic science of evolution which deals with man's past, present, and future intellectual development. Evolution is the basis of a permanent belief in man's intellectual advancement. Notwithstanding the past religious and moral influence of civilization, it is doubtful whether we are more moral than the Egyptians were, at the time of their greatest enlightenment. It is questionable whether any important moral precept has been discovered within the past two thousand years. It is also doubtful whether progress has been made in the theory of ethics since the time of Aristotle. Ethics have always been

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associated with religious dogma. There is really no science of ethics, or morals, nor is there a social science, or a political science. They are all man-made, and are therefore subject to alteration. Science deals only with the immutable laws of nature.

The progressive force of the world is intellectual, and its results are permanent. Society, institutions, and everything that exists, are the product of evolution. Spencer defines organic progress as the change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, and he also affirms that this law of organic progress is the law of all progress. The latter part of this statement has recently been found to apply to cosmical evolution. Stars are now classified in the order of their age or evolution, by a system known as the "Harvard sequence" of stars. The youngest stars are the simplest in their composition, their chemical complexity increases with their age.

Human progress is wholly intellectual. Advancement must be accompanied by increasing intelligence, and all progress results in extending the general happiness of mankind. Moral progress exists only where there is intellectual progress. Ignorance and crime are associates. We must have the intelligence to know our duty before we can attempt to perform it. The intellectual domination of ethical action is affirmed by Comte, J. S. Mill and Buckle. Buckle says: "Progress is determined, not by the emotional and moral faculties, but by the intellect: the emotional and moral faculties are stationary and therefore religion is not a decisive influence in the onward movement of humanity. I pledge myself to show that the progress that Europe has made from barbarism to civilization is entirely due to its intellectual activity. In what may be called the innate and original morals of mankind there is, so far as we are aware, no progress."

A type of metaphysical or psychic philosophy has been taught in our universities which does not harmonize with the recently acquired intellectual treasures arising from the experimental research. The conflict between science and

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philosophy, between experience and thought, is wholly unnatural. We are only at the beginning of the attainment of truth. While our accumulations of knowledge of nature are so vast, there are but few who command this knowledge, combined with the artistic faculty of presenting it to the public in a simple, comprehensive manner. The nineteenth century produced several celebrated men who possessed great talent for agreeably explaining the wonders of science in a popular manner. The pens of Huxley, Tyndall and Proctor now lie where they fell—meantime, none have appeared who possess the peculiar gifts required for taking them up.

The known universe has been greatly expanded by recent discoveries of new universes in the background of the remote heavens. Infinite space appears to be filled with millions of distant star galaxies, called spiral nebulae. These galaxies are probably as large as our own Milky Way. This enormous expansion of the material universe, causes our solar system to shrink proportionately, to a few specks of dust in the sunbeam of an illimitable universe, and man shrivels to a mere electron in the perishable framework of organic nature.

Many persist in the opinion that in addition to our god-like reason, we have two other sources of knowledge which are derived from our psychic or spiritual mentality, viz.: emotion and revelation. This dangerous error must be guarded against, because emotion has nothing to do with the attainment of truth, and we must protect our minds from all opinions which arise from our passions.

Great opposition to evolution manifested itself during the nineteenth century; on account of the rejection of a miraculous creation, and of the supernatural myths connected therewith. This opposition has now died out, except from those ignorant of the facts of biology. A rationalistic psychology was written by the British biologist, George Romanes, who produced a psychology in harmony with Darwin's science of evolution, in which Romanes presents in

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natural connection, the entire chain of psychic evolution from the simplest sensations and instincts of the lower animals, to the elaborate phenomenon of consciousness in man. He furnishes convincing evidence that psychological barriers between man and the brute have been overcome. Haeckel says: "Man's highest mental powers—reason, speech and conscience, have arisen from the lower stages of the same faculties in our primate ancestors. Man has no single mental faculty which is his special prerogative. His whole psychic life differs from that of the nearest related mammals only in degree, and not in kind; quantitatively not qualitatively."

Without our senses there would be no knowledge; all science is sensative knowledge. The sense organs of man are by no means superior to those of the highly developed sense organs of animals. The sense of smell is more highly developed in the dog. The eye of the eagle is keener than the human eye. The hearing of carnivorous animals is sharper than our own. Man by no means has reached a keener development of sensation.

We are said to have five senses, but it can be shown on ultimate analysis that we have but one, and it is the sense of mechanical contact, which we call touch. When our hand comes into contact with any material object, we say that we feel it. When we taste sugar, the sense comes from the mechanical contact of the particles of sugar with the tongue. Smelling is similar, particles of matter given off by certain substances are brought into contact with the nerves of the nose. Hearing is produced by waves of air beating against the ear drums. A bell rung in a vacuum makes no sound. The esthetic sense of sight is produced by the beating of ether waves against the retina of the eye. It will thus be seen that all our senses arise primarily from mechanical contact called touch.

The great poets of the nineteenth century have been disturbers of stereotyped thought. Wordsworth, Shelley, Swinburne and others, have with unfaltering zeal cast off

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prevailing dogma and often express the pagan spirit. To John Ruskin, Morris and other Pre-Raphaelite painters, the idea of happiness was found in a region in which heaven is ignored. The agnostics put limits to human credulity, and much theology lies outside of those limits.

In England it has been the policy of enforcing the laws against unbelief, in cases of publication addressed to the masses. Works addressed to the intellectual class, no matter how radical, pass with immunity. The modern theory of human progress has turned the attention of people from the pessimistic dogmas of the past to the optimism of evolution.

One should not be too impatient regarding the persistence of popular superstitions. Real knowledge of the world will always be the possession of the gifted few who are capable of acquiring it, and who have the energy and ambition necessary to secure it. Unpopularity will always be an essential feature of science, because science can be comprehended only by tireless effort. It requires close sustained reading and mental concentration. In the past, philosophy of the learned has been concealed from the common people, and taught only to those qualified to comprehend and apply it. We may now say that we have reached that liberty of thought, where it is admitted by every fair minded person that there is nothing on earth or in heaven which may not be legitimately discussed without any of the opposition which authority used to impose. We now preach the doctrine of the greatest ultimate happiness of the greatest number, as the supreme object of action, and the true basis of morality. The modern doctrine of historical progress, and the triumphs of modern science, sustain and endorse these principles.

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THE PASSING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

By GEORGE E. VINCENT

INSTITUTIONS of law, government, education, art, morality may be regarded as the habits of a nation. They are ways of collective behavior and discipline which have proved useful in preserving and strengthening the national life. But like the habits of an individual these institutions are never perfectly adjusted to present needs. A shifting environment is constantly demanding the modification of institutions which almost instinctively resist change. Thus education may be said to be always behind the times. Up to a certain point this is a valuable protection against passing whims and vagaries. Beyond that point opposition to change is a serious social handicap.

Medical education during the last two or three decades has strikingly illustrated the principle of readjustment to changed conditions; and, as well, has shown the extent to which readjustment tends to fall short of present requirements. The story of the development of the modern medical school is a thrilling tale of human progress; but none the less, an exemplification of tendency of the reform of yesterday to become the handicap of today.

Up to 1870 the best medical schools in the United States had no requirements for entrance save ability to pay the fees. Students in large groups were lectured to by busy practitioners. The only laboratory was the dissecting room. Two terms of four months each constituted the entire course. When in 1887 the average course had been lengthened to twenty-five weeks there was much rejoicing. It was not until 1877 that entrance examinations for a medical school

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were held. To Harvard belongs the credit of this innovation. The establishment of the Johns Hopkins Medical School in 1893 gave a notable impetus to medical education. The new school was based on laboratories of pathology and physiology as well as upon a thorough training in anatomy. The Johns Hopkins hospital was from its opening under immediate University control. Men like Welch, Osler, Mall, infused a scientific spirit into the entire organization.

Gradually the essential features of a modern medical education were worked out and realized in a few leading institutions. A thorough and broad preparatory training was introduced, as well as limitation of numbers to keep within available resources of equipment and personnel, complete control of a teaching hospital and dispensary, careful individual training in the laboratory sciences, a similar type of dispensary and bed-side teaching in close relation with clinical laboratories, a full-time laboratory staff and other teachers devoting a large part of their attention and energies to work in hospital and dispensary, for every student an interne year of resident hospital service and study, encouragement of research on the part of the teaching staff, adequate building, and equipment and maintenance funds for the support of the entire undertaking. All these are factors which combine to make an efficient and fruitful center of investigation and training.

The modern medical school has developed in response to changes which compelled recognition. And these changes are relatively recent. Lister's method of overcoming infection, the discoveries of Pasteur and Koch in bacteriology, the use of serums and vaccines by Pasteur, Melchnikoff and von Behring, the rapid development of bio-chemistry, the astonishing advances in surgery, the constant multiplication of diagnostic resources, are practically all products of the last half century—most of them of the past thirty years. With such expansion of knowledge and growth of technical skill it is not strange that medical education had to be completely reorganized.

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At the same time that a new type of school was being created, the old proprietary, part-time, unequipped, mass-lecture institutions were being drastically weeded out. In this work the American Medical Association took a leading part. A study of Medical Education in the United States made by Mr. Abraham Flexner, under the auspices of the Carnegie Foundation furnished detailed information about individual schools. The weaker and less worthy institutions could not survive the pressure of publicity. From 1910 to 1920 the number of Medical Schools in the United States fell from one hundred and thirty-one to eighty-five, and the number of medical students declined from twenty-one thousand five hundred and twenty-six to fourteen thousand and eighty-eight.

With a view to standardizing medical training the American Medical Association formulated minimum requirements for the various subjects in the Medical Course, and also began a classification of schools into three groups designated as A, B and C. Criteria of classification were adopted, and schools were urged to meet the requirements for advancement from a lower to a higher class. State Boards of Medical Examiners gradually recognized this classification as well as the minimum curriculum. In some cases the standards were made a part of the official regulations. In a few states they were even included in legislative statutes.

While these many changes have been rightly welcomed as signs of progress they have involved a number of new problems. Under modern conditions greater demands are made upon bed-side teachers, the length and cost of a medical education have been increased, the number of doctors, who are being graduated has diminished, the curriculum has been overcrowded, new subjects, especially preventive medicines, are demanding recognition, recently trained physicians are showing reluctance to practice in rural districts, the resources of modern medicine are unequally available for the various groups in the country. The new system is displaying the inevitable resistance to further modification.

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Early in the development of laboratory research and teaching it became evident that only men who gave all their time to the work could render the right kind of service. Bed-side teaching, however, was left to busy practitioners who—often with great devotion and sacrifice—combined the duties of instruction with the care of private patients. Of late it has been agreed that modern medicine with its new methods of diagnosis, its insistence on individual training and its demands for research, needs in dispensary and hospital a few men at least who devote all their time and energy to their official duties. So it has come about that in a number of American medical schools, in five London schools, and in a new medical center in Peking, full time clinical teachers have been appointed.

As to the wisdom of this plan and its probable success, there is marked difference of opinion. Many able practitioners are convinced that this innovation will do harm rather than good. They insist that private practice is of value both to the teacher and to the student, and that the ablest men will not forego the freedom and larger income which such practice affords. On the other hand, the advocates of the new system assert that many highly capable men will gladly devote themselves to investigation, the care of patients and to teaching on a university basis, welcoming the opportunity for scientific development and social service, as well as relief from distasteful commercial aspects of private practice. It is too early to predict the outcome of this new experiment: the difficulties are obvious; the opposition is pronounced and will doubtless be persistent—but we have reason to believe, that in the future the leaders in clinical medicine and surgery will more and more give the greater part, if not all, of their time to investigation and teaching.

The length and cost of medical education constitute a serious problem. Under the new conditions, the average age of an American doctor at graduation is twenty-five years. He must then serve as an interne for one year, and

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preferably as a resident physician for at least another. He cannot ordinarily count upon a satisfactory initial income before he is thirty years of age. The cost of a medical education varies from five to eight, or even ten thousand dollars.

It has been urged for a long time that at least two years in the educational system of the United States are wasted and might be wholly eliminated if the school curriculum were properly reorganized and efficiently taught. In spite of all efforts, little or no progress has been made toward the abbreviation of preliminary education. The problem in the United States is baffling; no hopeful solution is yet in sight. The question of cost is met in part by the granting of fellowships to able medical students. It seems desirable to extend this system on a considerable scale in order to insure to young men and young women of promise an opportunity to secure a medical education as a means not only of personal success, but of community service.

The diminution in the number of well trained doctors has been a source of anxiety. It is probable that very soon the lowest point will be reached and an increase in the number of graduates will be reported. The real problem is not, however, with respect to the number of doctors, but with regard to their geographical distribution and their relations with laboratories and hospitals. Modern medicine insists that diagnosis and treatment cannot be effective unless there is the closest co-operation between the doctor, the laboratory and the hospital. Under existing conditions in the United States, only a small percentage of physicians have access to these indespensable facilities. The vast majority of doctors are working in isolation from the resources which they ought to command. It is cynically said that only the millionaire and the pauper receive the best medical treatment. In this exaggeration there is a measure of truth. The rich and well-to-do, and the very poor, are received in hospitals and attended by the ablest and best-trained men. The great majority of the population are treated by physicians who have no contact with laboratory and hospital, and

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who do not keep abreast of the progress in methods of diagnosis and treatment.

In order to meet this situation, various experiments are being made and many proposals are suggested. Diagnostic pay clinics, to which all doctors may take their patients, health centers, community hospitals with resident physicians and nurses, are among the solutions that are proposed. The resistance which the mass of the medical profession offers to some of these proposals is natural and to be expected. Only a gradual readjustment can be looked for as a change comes about in medical personnel and ideals.

Another problem has arisen and that in connection with the medical school curriculum. The facts of science and the technique of surgical and clinical specialties, have developed so rapidly that the attempt to include them in the medical course has produced serious congestion. The results are unfortunate in several ways. The time of the students is too much occupied with routine instruction. They have little opportunity to develop a sense of responsibility. As one critic has said, they are being "spoon-fed." Proposals are already being made to revise the medical course, to eliminate certain subjects and to curtail the amount of time devoted to others. Curiously enough the chief difficulty in accomplishing this reform is found in the detailed requirements which various state boards of medical examiners have incorporated in their regulations. This is proving a really serious obstacle and it will require some time to secure the necessary relaxation of the present rigid and narrowly prescribed conditions. The reform of yesterday is a handicap of today.

One outstanding tendency in contemporary medicine is the change of emphasis from cure to prevention. It is beginning to be recognized that a great deal of existing sickness and death could be avoided or postponed if only the proper public measures were adopted, and if individuals would conform to the recognized laws of personal health. The doctor will more and more be required as an advisor to

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keep people well, rather than as a rescuer to be called in when illness has reached an acute stage. So far, however, the medical schools have not in any adequate way recognized the claims of preventive medicine. More or less perfunctory courses of lectures on this subject are included in the curriculum, but these have little influence upon students whose minds are constantly fixed upon curative methods rather than upon those of prevention. This latter point of view must permeate the entire school and be constantly presented by all the members of the teaching staff in connection with their regular work. Progress is being made, but this is disappointingly slow.

Fortunately the interests of public health are not wholly dependent upon the medical school course. For several years instruction in preventive medicine has been given in a number of universities, a few of which have granted the degree of Doctor of Public Health. In 1917 Johns Hopkins University established a school of Hygiene and Public Health, which now enrolls one hundred students, and is doing notable work in research and professional training. Harvard University, which was one of the first to offer a public health course, is about to reorganize and augment its curriculum, which will hereafter be administered by a separate university School of Public Health. These two centers and others which are likely sooner or later to be created may be counted upon to exert an increasing influence on medical school methods and policy.

One of the most disquieting results of the raising of standards in medical training is the reluctance of young doctors to settle in rural communities. This is sometimes attributed wholly to the hardships of country life and the small income of the rural doctor. These influences are doubtless potent, but they alone cannot explain the situation. A doctor who has had modern training is unwilling to be exiled from laboratory and hospital. He wants to be where he can command these resources and enjoy the comradeship of his professional colleague. He wants to keep

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in close contact with the newer developments in his own special field. The large town and city offer him a congenial and stimulating environment. The countryside can compete for his services only by developing a system of hospitals with laboratories and public health organizations which will provide reasonably satisfying conditions of work for a man with modern training. As has been indicated above, various experiments are being made with a view to demonstrating the possibility of offering in the country an attractive career to some of the men who are being graduated from our contemporary medical schools.

Enough has been said to make it clear that modern medicine and the training for its practice are steadily developing. There are inevitable growing pains, but a devoted search for truth, a refusal to subordinate science to the ambition of "schools" or "cults," an earnest desire to prevent illness and suffering, a high purpose to train men and women for service to their fellows, are the dominant motives of this modern movement and are guarantees of its increasing success. Moreover this is a world-wide co-operative undertaking to which many nations are contributing. It is one of the influences which may be counted upon to promote a better understanding and to foster good will. The true purpose of science is not the destruction of human life, but the healing of the nations.

NOCTURNE

By BEN RAY REDMAN

Soft through the shadowed silent night,
A perfume steals upon a fleeting breath;
A jasmine scent that sets the years to flight,
And wins a triumph over death.

The present holds the past, the lost is mine,
And Time gives back her treasures for an hour,
Lured by a power seemingly divine—
The magic of a fragile flower.

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DANCING AS SOUL EXPRESSION

By ARTHUR SYMONS

CAN it be, in any sense, possible to conjecture that the origin of dancing came from the desire to escape from one's self, into an imaginary world? In that case, it might also have been a form of madness, as one finds it in the Dionysian intoxication at the Attic festivals, when wine and the deities, the satyrs and the maenads, were closely linked together.

Certainly, even now, one of the best means in escaping from one's self is dancing: under fixed conditions, the only one. The question is: can one ever escape from one's self? There are so many means. There is, for instance, a rapture in the dance which intoxicates every sense to a point of human infinity; that is, while one is dancing. After, comes the recoil. No rapture can ever be measured; while one endures it, it has no limits. But, alas! for one's finite nature, nothing lasts.

And one finds that the ecstatic god, Dionysus, had the gift of "passing out of himself" at times into wild gestures and into wilder leaps in the air; which have certain equivalents with what is mimetic in the ballet. But, in the first dances, Dionysus, again, is seen in his feasts, literally drinking the blood of goats while the travelling country show comes round with its puppets. Then there are the dances of the leaping maenads, to the sound of strange music as the phallus is carried in the procession. So, in his form of Bacchus, the Indian Inachus, fire-born, we see how, to the religious imagination of the Greeks, he was known as the spiritual form of fire and dew. His godless gaiety, depicted by Aristophanes in the "Acharnians" with so many vivid

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touches—as a thing of which civil war had deprived the villages of Attica—preponderates over the grave. Then there is the form of Dionysus Zagreus, a god who had descended into hell; who, "like the vampire, had been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave," and had kept the fallen day of the deep seas about him.

"It is out of the sorrows of Dionysus," says Pater, "of Dionysus in winter, that all Greek tragedy grows; out of the song of the sorrows of Dionysus, sung at his winter feast by the chorus of satyrs, singers clad in goat skins, in memory of his rural life, one and another of whom, from time to time, steps out of the company to emphasize and develop this or that circumstance of the story; and so the song becomes dramatic." And, as he has been always miraculous, as miraculous as the grape, as wine, as all forms of ever recurrent ecstasy, as all that fascinates us in the dark mysteries of his Rite, he is still as alive as the enormous vines of Eleutheræ—he is still as alive as the snakes that used to live somewhere in the temple court of Athene Polias.

And, in the legend, the priestesses of Dionysus would, with lights and songs and dances, awake the new-born child after his wintry sleep. Dionysus is twofold; he is a Chthonian god; he has an element of sadness; like Hades, he is hollow and devouring; he has his mid-winter madness; and still one's imagination sees him storming wildly over the dark Thracian hills.

Apollo, I have said somewhere, is the god of dreams, Dionysus is the god of intoxication; the one representing for us the world of appearances, the other is, as it were, the voice of things in themselves. The chorus, then, which arose out of the hymns to Dionysus, is the lyric cry, the vital ecstasy; the drama is the projection into vision, into a picture of the exterior, temporary world of forms. And, out of all this—intoxication, vision, song, drama—arises the Ballet.

The ballet is certainly more than illusion, yet it gives one illusions; it can be more living than life; it can project us

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out of ourselves; it can project its shadow on our inner consciousness: there are instants when it can entice us into imagining that we are alone, alone with ourselves; these instants pass, as swiftly as the mere dancer's dress that sways as she dances. And again, there is something intangible in the reality which makes itself visible to our senses. As the light changes, the sense of reality changes. And it is with all our senses that we drink in these shifting forms of imaginary intoxications; with a more ardent sense of luxury than in tasting wine.

And, it might be, if one looks on the stage, that one's vision sees double; as, for instance, after one has taken hashish; and that we see, through the fumes of heat, things corrupt, tainted with sin. It matters nothing to me if those girls who dance have the least sense of shame, in their real enjoyment of what is their art. It is not for nothing that I have lived for years in the *coulisses* to experience the fact that they themselves are aware that the indiscretion of their costumes, meant to appeal to the senses, is now filling them with the unconcern of long use. They know also, for one thing, that they dance to amuse us. Yet one's imagination goes back to the exotic dancing of Salome, who, with a virginless perversity, danced off a man's head, to the rhythm of the falling of red roses.

It is Blake who wrote in one of those gaities of speech which illuminate his letters: "I doubt not yet to make such a figure in the great dance of life that shall amuse the spectators in the sky." I have written: "It is true that Blake was abnormal, but what was abnormal in him was his sanity." His place is with Santa Teresa, who adored all beautiful and evil things and beings from God to Satan, from dancing to singing, from abnormal visions to divine visions; who was "drunk with intellectual vision; and who was one of the gentle souls who guide the great wine-press of Love;" who being perfect woman and perfect saint believed in everything and denied nothing. So, if there are indeed spectators in the sky, amused by our motions, what dancer

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among us are they more likely to have approved than this joyous, untired, and undistracted dancer to the eternal rhythm? Who else, if not Santa Teresa, who gives herself to God, as it were, with a great leap into his arms?

As there is invariably music with dancing, in the Eastern music, there is ,one imagines, the infinite delicacy of Eastern ears, which can hear two hundred different tones, so finely divided that the Western ear cannot distinguish them. Their note is always just above or below ours; our music just falls into the interspaces of theirs; or fills the space of several. What they can do is like what Velasquez or Whistler can do with color. He gives you what seems at first a mere grey or black; gradually intricate arabesques of color unwind themselves from the mass, which lives in every inch with a subtle and various life. That is how I hear Eastern music: this breathing of sound about what seems to us a note, like wind at last able to express itself in articulate sound. So, for their harmonics, they need none of our gross effects; they can seem to keep a level or wander from order, and be rendering a whole palette of harmonics. It is an art of subdivisions, which end as they began, having unwound their circle.

Eastern dancing is something entirely different from dancing as we know it in the West. Here, all the motion comes from the legs, the body only coming into play as a sort of faint accompaniment, slightly emphasizing the rhythm of the limbs. Dancing as it is known in the East is almost entirely a rhythm of the body, and instead of requiring a large stage, can be done, as it is in Egypt, on a small carpet, or as it is in Spain, on a table. Its intention, its appeal are quite distinct from the intention and the appeal of Western dancing. It is a sort of pantomime, a little solo drama, in which the spectator can divine just as much as he likes, or which he can suppose, if he pleases, to be quite meaningless. It is a species of symbolism, and symbolism has its secret for every searcher. Eastern dancing, pure and simple, is generally too explicit to leave much room for

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speculation as to its main intention, though it has its subtleties for the more profound devotee of the cult. But that variation upon it which we see in Spain—doubtless a survival of the Moors, with a characteristic Spanish turn of its own—is really a more intricate and a more artistically expressive performance. And the dance which I once saw done in London by Vita, of Chicago fame, is, after all, more allied to the Spanish than to the strictly Egyptian form of the dance. Its significance is very cleverly emphasized (and yet, perhaps, at the same time, in another sense, attenuated) by the introduction of a second person, a man, who is the Tannhauser to this symbolic Venus. The woman is a temptress. The man, fearing her, yet attracted by her, tries in vain to escape at once from this alluring woman and from his own impulsion. She dances before him, lingeringly, enticingly, weaving her fascinations about him, as the daughter of Herodias drew the soul of Herod into her fatal noose. And in this slow, snake-like undulation, which attracts and repels, which retreats and advances and coils into such strange curves, and unwinds with such intensity of deliberation, there is a certain human interest, the interest of a piece of acting, if but little in the woman who was in London, of the poignancy of a real Arab or a real Spaniard.

I have never forgotten the troupe of Bedouin Arabs who performed at the Empire, and it is twenty years (so people tell me who can remember twenty years ago) since anything so good of the kind has been seen in England. The fourteen Arabs who composed the troupe had only arrived in Europe nine months ago, and only three or four of them spoke anything but their native language. The leader, the eldest son of the Sheikh Abdullah, a picturesque old gentleman who took a dignified interest in things from behind the scenes—talked in a very tolerable German, an accomplishment which had doubtless been of the greatest service to him in his engagements at Berlin, Vienna, Dresden and Breslau, the only European towns which the troupe had yet

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visited. He told me that he and his men had traveled all over Egypt—"Alexandria, Cairo, Port Said, everywhere!" —and if a better company of acrobats is to be found in the East, then the East must be singularly fortunate in its acrobats.

Imagine fourteen brown-skinned, black-haired Arabs, with vests and knickerbockers of red and green, barred and scrolled with black, white stockings and black white-laced boots. Like some Western acrobats, they have their clown —a very Eastern clown indeed. He looks more like a demon in a Japanese grotesque than anything else I can think of; or one might imagine him a wicked genie from the "Arabian Nights," twirling fantastically in a fit of malicious madness. The performance begins with the simpler forms of the somersault, or what would, if done in the European way, be comparatively simple. But the Arabs have a way of their own of pitching on to their hands heavily, abruptly, sometimes from a height of two feet or more. They do it, as they do all their exercises, with a sort of fury —the fury of the desert. One extraordinary tumbler went through a series of sidelong and gyrating somersaults.

I cannot possibly describe them in words. They are really even more difficult than the sensational feat of vaulting over a compact body of seven or eight men. After the vaulting come the pyramids, in which one man supported a number of others on his shoulders and round his body. Beginning with three, a trifle, we end with seven, a wonder, and I have even seen nine, which we must call a miracle. Perhaps the most effective position is that in which the supporter walks about the stage with one man on his shoulders and two others held at arms' length. He turns round and round, swinging his human burdens like a man who practises with dumb-bells.

Finally we came to the poses, in which the fourteen Arabs ranged themselves in lines and curves, three rows high, like carved and painted figures in some Eastern architecture. With their brilliant and barbarous costumes, their

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long tossing black hair, their serious, eager faces, their strong immobility and fiery movement, these Bedouins brought something of the strangeness and color and fascination of the East into the heavy atmosphere of London. They were a living chapter out of the "Arabian Nights," and if I did not know to the contrary—alas for the sober necessities of truth—I should have said that they had come straight from Cairo, in the course of thirty seconds, on the enchanted carpet.

I had heard so much about Carmencita, I had wanted to see her for so many years, that I came to the Palace with expectations which were no doubt utterly exaggerated and unreasonable. This fact must be remembered when I say that I was rather disappointed. Carmencita pleased me, charmed me, but she did not carry me away. I had expected to be enraptured, and I was only interested. I had hoped to see Spanish dancing which was really Spanish, and it seemed to me that here was a dancer who, delightful as she was, was far from being typically Spanish. In appearance Carmencita is certainly of the true Andalusian type; somewhat plump of figure, yet lithe, with black hair and bold black eyes. She wears a curious white dress, with a hooped skirt, without a touch of color from head to foot. The three dances which she did were very quiet, with a certain amount of graceful and expressive pantomime, but with little of that fire and vigor which one had hoped for. Of the essentially Spanish rhythms of the hips she gave us nothing; with but little of those fierce and sudden turns upon herself from which the Spanish dancer gets such surprising effects. Only in one point does she fully answer my expectations, and that is in the expression which she gives to her arms. I have never seen such snake-like, rhythmical arms—not even among the Japanese dancers, who dance almost entirely with their arms. Here she is entirely and satisfactorily Spanish; but in the pirouettes and in some of the steps which she introduces in her dances, we get, not quite the genuine thing, but a more civilized modification of what is undoubtedly, in its essence, barbaric, oriental, animal.

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The Spanish dance is almost as direct an appeal to the senses as the Eastern dance, from which, through the Moors, it inherits certain characteristics. In what Carmencita did, all this sensual savagery was toned down, and the result, though full of charm and not without a certain piquancy, was not quite what you may see even in Barcelona; and coming from the far-famed Carmencita, was, as I said, disappointing.

"Bullfights and dancing-houses alone make money in a land," writes Cunningham Grahame in "Aurora la Cujini" (1896)—a book that he sent me when I was in Seville. "The inhabitants of Madrid hissed Sarah Bernhardt in 'La Tosca' because they found the piece too quiet for their taste." Certainly the two passions of the Spaniard are for "le Corrida de Toros" and for dancing; for whenever in Seville a woman walks or stands, a dance is indicated by a mere shuffle of the feet, a snapping of the fingers, a bend of the body, a clapping of hands. I shared their delight in violent sensations, sensations which are not quite natural, partly cruel, partly perverse, in the "cuerpo de baile infantil" which dances at the Cafe Suizo: children of eleven, who dance till midnight, learned in all the contortions of the gypsy dances, and who smile painfully out of their little painted faces.

Tortajada, known as a dancer, being ambitious to become a singer, failed; her chest notes were raucous and tuneless. In the most characteristic Spanish music there is much that is a kind of hoarse crying, but she never sang a Malaguena. It would have been a daring thing to have sung it, with its determinate and unending rhythm, its fierce inarticulate sorrow, for this kind of music is unknown outside of Spain, and sounds, on first hearing, like the howling of a wild beast. This is a sensation that can have an appealing and an afflicting poignancy. She suggested the Fandango on the table. Any of the swirling pantomimic dances can be done on the table. Tortajada has beautiful fingers, and she did the movement of the fingers perfectly; she used her

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arms well, and she stamped her feet in the right way and gave the right movements of her body. But she stopped before the dance had well begun; she did so little where she might have done so much.

This leads me on to the incomparable Guerrero, who having made her fame in Spain, made, unluckily for her, not quite so much fame in London. I never could expect a London audience to understand for one instant the glory and seduction and the fascination of Spanish dancing. Certainly, had I not been in Spain, I could never have enjoyed the dances that I saw in different music-halls, such as Otero and Tortajada and Maria la Bella and la Malaguenita and Antonio Bilbao. Guerrero, who had genius, was capable of anything; she had the ferocity of a wild beast and was passionately animal. As I stood beside her in the *coulisse,* after the exhaustion of her dances, she would tear at her bodice, her breasts heaving feverishly, her whole body breathing. Always she cast on me those dangerous and tragic eyes of her, intoxicating as her own intoxication; and in her was some of the imagination of Seville, where she was born.

Unlike Otero, Guerrero dances really Spanish dances, and in a really Spanish manner. She has youth, vivid animal youth, a slender but not fragile body which has all the serpentine graces of the South in it, the great Spanish eyes, Spanish blackness of hair, and all the sombre gaiety of Seville, from which she comes. Her beauty is a young, barbarous, warm beauty, full of "savour," as the Spaniards would say; and as she bounded upon the stage, in her brightly colored black and red dress, with the great flowers on it, like the flowers on a Manilla shawl, her cheeks and her lips rouged, and her eyes darkened, she was like some wonderful creature, half tiger and half tulip. And yet I liked her better as I saw her at the rehearsal, purely sombre, the face dead white under the black hair, the black dress fitting tightly to the body, showing as she dances all the gracious lines which it is the aim of Spanish dancing to set

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beautifully in motion, and which the "robes à fantasie" do but disguise daintily.

In Spain they dance in tight dresses, and I begged Guerrero to dare to be quite Spanish when she was dancing in England. She laughed at the suggestion, and said the French way was prettier; and probably she was right in thinking that in any case the Spanish way would not please an English audience. However, she danced two really Spanish dances, and Senor Chibo danced a third, in which I saw, for the first time out of Spain, the Spanish steps properly done, the movements of the body given in the right way, the characteristic business with the hat properly carried out; in short, Andalusia in London! All Spanish dancing is a pantomime with very explicit meanings, meanings which you may object to if you choose, but which are never, in their wildest extravagance, vulgar; for vulgarity does not exist in Spain. That throwing of the hat on the floor, for instance, and dancing round it, is a symbol of Woman's power over Man, as she seems to tread his pride in the dust. I will not explain all the other meanings. And those who have the true sympathy for the country in Europe least spoilt by civilization, and the people in whom the gracious human virtues, in their natural state, have kept their savour longest, will notice, perhaps, reluctantly, that by the side of this beautiful Spanish dancer, all the charming English things seem a little pale and over done. In this absolutely natural movement of the whole body, with all that mutinous grace which is Guerrero's own, there is something so profoundly human that, for the time at least, all other dancing seems as an artificial thing, scarcely worthy of the dignity of the human body.

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THE LAW OF DIVINE CONCORD

By CHASE S. OSBORN

EVEN those who are most intelligent in their belief in God and His inspired words in the Bible have had to do, up to the present time, with whatever evidence they could discover and either be satisfied or doubt. So it was mostly a matter of faith, blind faith, except that those who are normal could feel something that gave them assurance even more than hope, but it was an intangible thing and could not be explained to those honest persons who did not understand. In the days of the peripatetic school of philosophers they made up the Platonists; in this time they have become the neoplatonists. It always was a disease not to feel and know God. The wholesome, natural person just moved along happily without doubt or question. Those who did not know God may be divided into two classes: the ones who could not and those who would not. The first generally wished to have faith, and the second were indifferent often to a degree of opposition. The latter refused all attempts to change their minds and still do. For them to know God would interfere with their sensuous and selfish practices.

For the time we shall dismiss them from consideration with the conviction that whenever they are interested they can join the first group who are to be given a cure. This relief shall consist of a plain justification of *faith*. They wish to know and are to be told how the prophets walked and talked with God, how Moses got his decalogue on the summit of Sinai, how Jesus Christ was able at twelve years of age to confound the wise men. Equally mysterious has been the dramatic staying of Abraham's hand as he was

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about to strike down with the knife Isaac in sacrifice, and St. Paul's seeing the light on his way to Damascus. And there are almost countless other episodes and experiences that confuse those who really wish to believe but find they cannot without a basis of understanding within their own minds. In order to gain this they must subscribe to a complete belief in the postulate, for postulate it is that God is the source of all knowledge. From time to time this knowledge or as much of it as is possessed by man has been transmitted to him through the instrumentality of a few willing and concordant minds. In some cases these minds have been volitionally in accord and in other instances they have been selected by Divine agency as in the case of Paul. Nor has election or selection been confined to the transmission of that knowledge which may be classified as ethical. There have been as many times when the knowledge was practical, physical and intellectual as I shall show a little later on.

The mind of man is a registering organ; in the sense of creating anything it is not a thinking organ. It is the function of the mind to register knowledge whatever the source of immediate supply, whether directly from God or indirectly or secondarily from another human. It is indisputable that we do not learn or register unless we wish to do so, which in effect is a matter of attunement with the sending or bringing agency. Once registered, or as we commonly term it, learned, it is the further function of the mind to arrange, to transmit, to store and to apply knowledge. We learn in a great many ways it would appear, and secondarily we do, but originally and firstly there is only one way. All the senses are brought to bear in the process of registering knowledge; not all at once necessarily. The operation is exactly that of the wireless method of communication which has been known subconsciously by man for ages but which he is just now able to extend beyond himself. In the case of man the brain is the receiving instrument and God is the Sender. In order to receive, man must be in attunement with God. He sends His messages when He wills and

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whenever we are in attunement with Him and seek aid, and also whenever the world is ready for a new truth. Then, no matter whether a human instrument is ready or not, He chooses one and that act of choice fits the one chosen for instrumentation. Moses and Paul are striking instances of this. The former was only in partial attunement until made perfect and the latter was not in accord at all until the blinding light fell upon him.

The fibres of Corti, called poetically the lute of a thousand strings, which convey sound from the ear to the brain, are the antennae of the human wireless receiver. Every time we converse both persons are sending and taking wireless messages during the entire conversation. The fact that they are not far apart does not remove them from the principle involved. Conversation of any kind among humans is nothing more than transmission or transportation of second-hand knowledge. Even of minor importance ordinary talking together is not engaged in without a showing of concord, which does not necessarily mean accord. It is readily to be seen then that man is a primary receiving instrument and a secondary sending device; secondary because he is only a relay and not an original in what he sends.

Knowledge is as much about us and as near and as far and as pervasive as are light, heat, air and nourishment. We are naturally and automatically equipped to appropriate air, heat and light and we nearly win nourishment automatically. In any event, the need for food is so regular and persistent in manifesting itself that it becomes a habit to seek it. It is entirely different with knowledge. Man has not learned how to appropriate the knowledge that is all about him. We are almost helpless when it comes to what is termed original thought but which is correctly only original registration. If a census could be taken of those who have given to the world a new principle the shocking fact would humiliate us that only a few hundreds have been so useful of all the billions who have lived. And we are as hungry for knowledge as we are for food of any kind. There has

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been a reason why we are so stupid, but there is no reason why our impediment shall not be removed. The cure rests with ourselves. It is to understand the Law of Divine Concord and get in tune with God. To know God and to be in attunement with him is to have knowledge.

Knowledge always has been and always will be. All that man has done is to register a little of it and pass it on to his fellows. All of the error in the world is man's faulty registration of the truth. In every instance when man is out of attunement with God, if he registers at all, it is error in just the degree of his discord. Thus are accounted for the false prophets and those who have come among us with half truths more and less. It also accounts for the slowness of the world in all directions of learning. In some cases the truth has been registered and then for one reason or another has subsequently been lost. One instance is the Copernican system. It was declared in simple and complete terms 300 B. C. by Aristarchus. Ptolemy ruled the known earth or all he knew of it at that time. He was a jealous autocrat and did not wish his realm to be second to the sun or anything else, so he promptly chopped off the head of Aristarchus. This summary act was discouraging and the world went without a major fact for nearly two thousand years, until the Prussian monk, Copernicus, discovered it afresh. We speak of a thing being discovered, but may there be a discovery of anything that has always been? Indubitably it is a discovery so far as earthmen are concerned. But Aristarchus, in his time, and Copernicus created nothing. The truth or knowledge that Copernicus registered existed in the time of Aristarchus but was unappropriated until it came to them. In the case of Copernicus the act was not so much one of registering anew as it was of arrangement and application and transmission. From time to time, between 300 B. C. and 1600 A. D., there had been discoveries or registrations of astronomical data bearing upon the Copernican theory. It was an arrangement and correlation of this data that completed the work and this was the achievement of

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Copernicus. The thing to bear in mind is that there was no creation of anything new. In fact, the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun grew out of the very early realization that it is a postulate that is comprehended by that remark. Take the case of Galileo. He went into the cathedral at Pisa and saw a swinging chandelier and the law of the pendulum was registered. He did not go there to study and he had been in that cathedral many times and had seen that same chandelier as it swung, but he was not in attunement on the other occasions and did not register anything, although the law of the pendulum had existed forever and had manifested itself in a thousand and more ways but had not impressed a single mind. In a similar seemingly accidental way the law of gravitation was registered by Newton. He was sleeping beneath an apple tree when he was partially aroused from his siesta just in time, somnolently, to see a defective apple fall to the ground and he registered the famous fact. Newton was not studying and was not even alert and had no conscious purpose at the time. A major truth that had been forever came through the air on the same Hertzian waves that carry all vibrations and finding a brain in just the right attunement proceeded to register.

The registration in completeness of a major truth by one mind is perhaps never done. It comes in parts to different ones and almost always at different periods so as not to give the mind more of a load than it can bear and not to clog or confuse or stupify. There are always registrations by a few far in advance of the understanding of the masses and it is the duty and function of those in advance to blaze and lead the way. Not infrequently the masses do not wish to advance, preferring a *laissez faire* policy, as in the case of Aristarchus and Ptolemy. There is purpose in this, too. The truth must not come too rapidly nor in advance of conditions permitting of arrangement, application, and utilization. This accounts for the gradual advance of mankind in

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all the directions of improvement. Every urge is a partial registration of a near truth or is in the way of preparation for a registration.

Nor are urges confined to individuals engaged in what we term research work. In almost no instance has there been a major registration by a so-called scientist. In electricity the developments have come through minds like Franklin, who was a newspaper man; or Edison, who was a telegraph operator; Ohm, Watt, Volta, Marconi, Tesla, who were not primarily electricians or even first-class physicists. In striving for knowledge the research worker is not unlike a child playing with building blocks. To him the atoms are only blocks and if he can find them he can build a structure if it does not fall down before he finishes. This is not to discourage research, because it exercises the mind in a correct direction if it is correct, and prepares it for recognition of segregated portions of truth as they are registered and presented from time to time. Watt and Stephenson with their contributions relating to steam and its application were tyros and did not realize what they were doing; the one a child arrested by the performance of his mother's teakettle as its lid danced on the kitchen stove. The child got his interest white hot from the God source of all knowledge. You may have been the medium yourself of partial registrations of important knowledge. We do not know when we are being used by the God force. One thing we may know, and that is if we keep sweet and in tune with Him we will be serving if only in reserve.

(*This article will be concluded in* THE FORUM *for November*)

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THE ROAD TO PROSPERITY

By OTTO H. KAHN

IT is a deplorable fact that three years after the ending of the war, a survey of the world situation must still hark back to the gross faultiness of the Peace Treaties, the evil effects of which continue to stand in the way of recovery and of a return to normal conditions, psychological, political, economic, commercial and financial, in Europe and by reflex action throughout the world. I am referring not only to the ever-recurring trouble and turmoil of the reparation question and to the matter of Upper Silesia, but to the fundamental conceptions and methods and purposes which found expression in the ill-omened work of the treaty makers.

It's no use crying over spilt milk, but there *is* use, and indeed there is need, for us to bend our minds to the question of what we can do to aid in preserving from further spills what milk there is left and in replenishing the world's all too scanty supply.

What can we do towards that end, and how, for our own good and that of the world? Our people have wisely determined not to enter any international relationship conceived on the lines of the present League of Nations. Yet, both morally and from the point of view of our own interests, we are vitally concerned in the re-establishment of normal conditions in Europe and the settlement of acutely disturbing questions.

For instance, the matter and the manner of the reparations to be met by Germany, is something which directly affects us. Unless Germany is permitted and directed to discharge her obligations to the Allies, mainly in furnish-

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ing raw materials and services, as far as she is capable of doing so, it is manifest that she can only meet the huge burden imposed on her by a correspondingly huge expansion of export trade. And such expansion, to the extent that it is feasible, can only be effected at the expense of the trade of the leading industrial nations, *i. e.,* primarily America and England. Of course, Germany must make atonement to the utmost of her ability. But the whole treatment of the reparation question at the peace conference in Paris and at the various conferences since, has been based on either a profound economic fallacy or on unwillingness to look unpalatable facts in the face, or on considerations of domestic political expediency.

Or, another instance: In part through the destruction of the war, and perhaps in equal part through the faults of Allied and American statesmanship and the disruptive effects and economic vices of the Peace Treaties, the consuming power of several hundred millions of people has been gravely crippled. The consuming power of the world is an essential element in our prosperity; our own productive capacity has outrun our consuming capacity.

Therefore, while keeping out of European political entanglements and preserving inviolate our freedom of action, it seems to me that we must take a positive part, both in counsel and in action, in aiding to straighten out a world still sadly out of gear. We are in the fortunate position of not having any axes to grind, of not seeking anything for ourselves which will not, at the same time, be of advantage to all the world. We are not suspected of ulterior motives, and in the clash of conflicting interests and claims among nations and the, sometimes angry, divergences of views and aims even among those who were comrades in arms but three years ago, our voices will be heard and our counsels heeded.

It may be worth mentioning in this connection that in comparing my European impressions this year with those of last year, what has struck me as perhaps the most interesting and significant development is: first, that the theories of

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Bolshevism are wholly discredited and have ceased to be a contagious influence and an article of faith with all but a small fraction of the bona fide working people of Europe; secondly, that the eyes of the industrial nations of Europe are on Russia as the new land of unlimited possibilities; and, thirdly, that there seems to be almost universal recognition, even in strongly antagonistic quarters, that for the commercial penetration and proper economic ordering and development of a regenerated, or to be regenerated Russia, the active co-operation of Germany is requisite and essential, owing to her contiguity and her knowledge of Russian ways and qualities and conditions. England and France are alive to that situation, and their financial and industrial leaders are astir, especially those of England, with traditional enterprise, skill and foresight. American co-operation would be welcome at this time. It would appear to me that this situation should receive the careful and prompt attention of American industry and finance, lest by standing aloof too long we may find ourselves foreclosed from desirable opportunities when the proper time arrives. This suggestion is, of course, entirely apart from the political or moral question of according any recognition to the Soviet Government until and unless it be sanctioned by unmistakable action through the free vote of the Russian people.

America looms so large as an actual, and still more a potential, factor in world affairs, that her domestic affairs form an appropriate subject for discussion in even so cursory a survey of world matters. Our own house must be in order before we can be effective in those affairs abroad which are of concern to us.

It was inevitable that the artificially stimulated boom period of the war years and the period immediately following, should be succeeded by a drastic and painful process of readjustment to normal conditions, though it need not have been as drastic and painful as it was and, indeed, still is. At any rate, it seems to me the time has come when we should rouse ourselves out of our slough of industrial despondence.

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And I believe we can do so if we make a determined effort and pull together and follow that road which is marked by the sign posts of economic soundness. Some of these sign posts are:

(1) A wise taxation policy. After all, the total sum required to be raised by taxation for our governmental needs, while vast in comparison with ante-war years, is relatively light in comparison with what it is in the principal countries of Europe, as proportionate to our wealth and population and theirs. The burden of taxation, direct and indirect, resting on the man of small or moderate means in America is many times lighter than it is in any of the leading countries of Europe. That is as it should be, and no revision of taxation would or should be considered by Congress which would relieve the well-to-do at the expense of the masses of the people.

If our system of taxation has been, as undoubtedly it has been, a strongly intensifying factor in bringing about the present situation of business collapse and unemployment and in retarding recovery, the reason is not so much the total size of our tax bill—though, that, of course, was extravagantly swollen and must and will be greatly reduced—but the fact that taxation was dumped on the back of business and capital, most clumsily and crudely. We cannot have a return to normal business conditions, we cannot have vigorous enterprise, until we shall have corrected the most glaring, at least, among the faults of our present system of raising revenue.

(2) A wise credit and loan policy. There has been too much willingness in certain financial quarters to promote enterprises, to float securities for public sale and to facilitate business expansion when prices were abnormally high and a policy of caution and restriction was indicated. The concomitant of that attitude was insufficient willingness or ability to grant loans and credits when the danger flag of unduly swollen prices had disappeared.

In times like the present, the attitude of those who are in charge of the business loans and credits should be one of

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active encouragement and of a ready willingness, within the limits of prudence and capacity, to extend adequate facilities to borrowers for legitimate needs at home and abroad.

(3) A wise tariff policy. Our Government, during the war and for some time after, extended huge loans to European governments—I venture to think, with undue and unnecessary lavishness. Private loans and credits have likewise been extended to foreign applicants to a very large aggregate, and perhaps not always with sufficient discrimination. Whatever may be the merit of suggestions put forward for dealing with this question, it appears manifest that public opinion and Congress are unwilling, at this time, to consider any disposition of the loans owing to us by foreign nations, except their refunding.

But we cannot eat our cake and have it. There are only a very few ways in which foreign nations can discharge the interest on the debts owing to us, let alone the principal, and of these ways the most available is to furnish us with goods and services. Furthermore, if we want the foreigner to buy from us, we must be willing that he should also sell to us. Trade, in the long run, cannot be a one-sided matter of sensational export balances.

I am in favor of the principle of a protective tariff for America to the extent that its application is necessary to preserve our industries and the American standard of wages and living. But that principle can no longer be applied, with safety and advantage to the country and with fairness to the consumer, in the old-fashioned, somewhat haphazard and sometimes extreme way. New factors have entered into the problem which must be carefully studied and taken account of. And the American standard of wages and living does not and cannot and should not mean that extravagant wholly fortuitous standard which resulted from the war and from its after-effects.

In order to use the capacity of our industrial plants and to give full employment to our workers, we must make every effort to hold our own in the markets of the world. And

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that is only possible if the cost of production can be brought into line with existing conditions. To that end, the prerequisites are that waste and slipshod methods in business be eliminated, costs brought down, the "get-rich-quick-and-easy" period considered definitely at an end, and that both capital and labor recognize the need of adjusting their respective compensation to the circumstances which the country has to meet. All of us, including labor, will be better off in the long run by getting away from an artificial level, which has been of genuine benefit to no one and of considerable harm to a large fraction of our population.

(4) Sound and effective measures to aid the farming industry. The vital importance of that industry and the critical situation of the farmer, who for some time past has been receiving pre-war prices for his product while paying inflated prices for his needs and who, moreover, has been laboring under inadequate credit and distribution facilities, are so manifest that it seems needless to put forth any arguments on that score.

Second only to agriculture in national importance is the railroad industry, affecting, as it does, the public at large, the shipper, the investor and many industrial and commercial activities dependent on it to a considerable degree. It is greatly to be hoped that the long-pending settlement between the Government and the railroads will at last be consummated without further delay.

(5) Cultivation of our export trade. That is a difficult task at best, in the face of depreciated currencies, cheap labor and other stimulating factors operative in foreign countries. It requires, first of all, careful study of that field on the part of our merchants and bankers, and the setting up of organizations and machinery, to be as effective, and the training of men to be as competent and expert, as those that have been developed by our competitors. It requires us to project our thoughts and plans internationally and to establish serviceable affiliations and appropriate co-operation abroad. It requires co-operation and comparison of views

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and experience between exporters and bankers among each other and between them and the proper departments of the Government. The somewhat costly mistakes which have been made within the past few years, ought to be turned to account as lessons for the future.

In connection with this problem, the question of what, if anything, can be done, to "stabilize the exchanges" ought to receive the close attention of the Government and might profitably form the subject of an international comparison of views or of a conference in which the American representative should be more than a mere "observer."

I have indicated some of the principal sign posts as I see them. There are others, which it would take too long to enumerate.

The road lies before us, broad and straight. If we will take it resolutely, refusing to be enticed into by-ways or alleged shortcuts, we shall soon find ourselves within sight again of prosperity and national well-being.

TONGUES

By LE BARON COOKE

The speech of the poet
Is as a riddle
To him who has not dreams
In his soul:
And *his* words—
As opaque
As life without dreams,
To the poet.

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JAPAN AT THE COMING CONFERENCE

By FREDERICK MOORE

(Foreign Councillor to the Japanese Ministry of Foreign Affairs)

THIS article is written in reply to a request from THE FORUM for a discussion of Japan's attitude at the forthcoming conference. I am writing it as an American citizen and not as a Japanese official, because I am saying certain things which I believe ought to be said in the interest of the United States as well as of other countries, and which it might be considered undiplomatic for a representative of another government to say.

The success of the forthcoming conference ought to be assured, for it is the desire of both the peoples and the governments of the principal Powers invited to the conference that an agreement or understanding shall be reached. All of the other powers that will participate in the conference would probably go further than the United States in making concessions to reach an understanding. If we would become a party to such a compact, the other Powers would undoubtedly enter into a complete alliance with us. As much as that, however, cannot be expected to result from the conference, alliances being contrary to the traditional policy of this country. But the fact that the other nations are all of this mood or disposition is an indication of the success that may be expected. What measure of success can be achieved? That is the question.

Personally, I am very hopeful; and I am glad to be able to say that the Japanese Government is likewise reassured and confident. It was natural for the Japanese, when the

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informal invitation was first presented to them by the American Embassy in Tokyo, to be anxious to know exactly what the intentions of the new American Administration were. Especially within recent years, Japan has gone through a period of severe criticism by Americans, some officials as well as a number of newspapers indulging in denunciations of her policies. This criticism, while at times justified, has sometimes gone beyond reason and fairness. Had the charges, for example, that Japan was prepared to attack the Philippine Islands and the Panama Canal been confined to the irresponsible elements in our Press, these sensational alarums would have amounted to little; but the campaign went so far that many serious men began to believe there was necessity for naval preparation for defense of our own coast against that remote and comparatively poor country.

The advocates of an unduly large navy had to have justification for outbuilding the world (we are now constructing the greatest navy the world has ever seen) and many Americans who should not have done so took up the bogey with which the Germans and others have tried to frighten us for their own purposes. Coupled with the Japanese bogey, Great Britain—generally a popular target—was denounced as the possessor of a "rival" navy, although, except for a period of a few years during the Civil War, the British navy has always been superior to ours, without dire consequences befalling us. And in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which has existed for twenty years without harm to us, we have been told, since the conclusion of the war in Europe, that there is a permanent menace to our security. As a matter of fact, one of the primary purposes of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is the preservation of the integrity and independence of China and the maintenance of the "open door"—which is our own policy.

In Great Britain this post-war attitude on our part was taken with some resentment but not with sufficient distrust to provoke a counter naval program. The British have hoped up to the present that this was only a passing temper

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with us and have trusted that with the coming of the Harding Administration a change of policy would prevail. But the Japanese have felt that they could take no chances. Accordingly, they began to increase their navy, following our initiative, and are expending in protective construction hundreds of millions, which they can far less afford than we. But the Japanese—even the laboring man, whose income is about one-fifth as much as the American laborer's wage—is willing to make the necessary sacrifices and pay the taxes for the defense of his country against what he considers the possibilities of an unwarranted assault.

When a conference for the limitation of armament was first suggested, a sensation of relief was felt in Japan as in Great Britain; but when the American Government attached to its original informal invitation what appeared to be a condition that the limitation should be subject to agreements on Pacific and Far Eastern problems, an excited fear developed in Japan that the longed-for relief might not, after all, be forthcoming. Were they to be summoned by the United States, the Japanese asked themselves, to the bar of justice, with the most powerful and influential judge arbitrary and prejudiced against them? If so, some thought, they might better stay out of the court altogether. Others, on the contrary, said, "No. Let's go into it. America doesn't understand. Let's go to Washington, put our case before the world, and if justice is obtainable, enter into any reasonable agreement."

Many of the Japanese papers thought an equitable consideration of their position might not be obtainable at the conference. They know that it is to the interest of certain nations and certain people to keep hostility alive between themselves and this country, and they realize that here in America much of the press might be what can be described as "primed" against them. It is entirely unlikely that the enemies of the British and Japanese will let the coming opportunity pass to affect further, if they can, the minds of the American people against these two countries.

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Cabinet councils and national conferences were held in Tokyo, and enquiries were made of the American Government; which brought out statements of attitude and intention that relieved the Japanese Government of much of its anxiety. Whereupon, they then accepted President Harding's invitation.

The Japanese, believing in the propriety of their general position and being willing to discuss with other Powers any matter which is fairly open to question, have now decided to come to Washington, present their case, and reach the fullest measure of agreement that is possible. To this end the conference will show, I think, that they are willing to make surprising concessions to the American point of view in order to terminate, if possible, the present costly and menacing criticism and suspicion that prevails in both countries.

It is interesting in this connection to note that Great Britain, whose trade and commerce are far more seriously rivaled in the East than ours, has developed no such hostility to Japan in her energetic and commendable development, although we Americans can far better afford to take a more generous attitude. Indeed, both British and American trade and commerce have been, at the same time, greatly benefitted by the organization and the stabilizing of different parts of the Far East by Japan. The British Government seems to have learned the lesson that if wars for trade are to continue, no era of peace will ever be attained, and, for scores of years, has followed a determined policy of peace at almost any price with the United States. The British have long realized that war between these two countries would be the greatest crime that has yet befallen civilization.

Certain of our papers speak constantly of the menace that Japan is to the Philippines, though the British have no fear of losing their more important possessions. To our talk of the menace that Japan is to our Eastern possessions, the Japanese reply is that the Philippines are a far more serious threat to them. What would it matter to the United

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States if the Japanese should take the Philippine Islands? The most serious injury to us would be that to our pride. Whereas, should we launch an attack from our Pacific possessions upon them, we should launch it at their homes and their vital lines of communication, without which, as in the case of England, likewise an island country, they cannot subsist.

In brief, a totally unwarranted scare and an entirely unfair hostility, unworthy of Americans, has been developed against two praiseworthy but less fortunate nations, and too many of our politicians, up to the present, have found it more convenient to utilize this popular antagonism than to dispel it.

As a matter of fact, the United States is unassailable. With reasonable provisions for defense, our strategic position is secure. Since the conclusion of the war, no possible combination of Powers could—even if they had the will—attack this country without serious danger to themselves. This country is a colossus of wealth, power and geographical security. Moreover, we can, if we desire, possess an overwhelmingly great navy. On the other hand, we can afford to be magnanimous and ought to be the splendid leader that the other nations are so anxiously seeking. We are, by incomparable good fortune, the leading nation of an otherwise distressed and afflicted world; and instead of indulging in carping criticism of the next two sea Powers, we ought to accept their friendly accord and co-operation. Much good for the world would thereby be accomplished. Our statesmen, however, have hitherto failed to play up to the part.

The idea prevails in some quarters that if no agreement is reached at the conference serious commercial and naval competition will result; but this, it seems to me, is unwarranted. There is no doubt that an agreement can be reached by the three naval Powers if the United States does not make our approval of naval reduction contingent upon collateral military reductions in Europe. France, for example, having failed to secure from the Versailles Treaty the future pro-

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tection from Germany which she deems essential, may find it difficult to reduce her army unless a new means of protecting her is provided. A naval agreement, however, would be ratified in both Japan and Great Britain, including the Colonies. But even if it should fail to receive the two-thirds vote in the Senate, necessary to make it legally as well as morally binding on the United States, the conference promises to have valuable international results in clearing the atmosphere by showing to serious men what the situation really is.

The present American administration will undoubtedly avoid the errors made by President Wilson's delegation at Paris. There, unfortunately, the American delegation itself participated in giving dramatic effect to the conflict of President Wilson with first one then another Power, till, at the conclusion of the conference, when the Treaty of Versailles was signed, all of the important signatories were discredited in the eyes of the American people.

The forthcoming conference being staged in the United States, the press of the country will be subject, even more than at Paris, to control by American officials. Even if Japan and Great Britain should attempt to conduct propagandas for the purpose of putting their cases before the public, they would find themselves hopelessly handicapped; and I doubt whether either delegation would be so unwise as to make the effort. To re-stage the Paris conference, with its daily record of fights—America versus one or more of the other Great Powers—would be not only most inhospitable, but would actually threaten the defeat of America's own objective. Both Japan and Great Britain still, to a certain extent, dread this possibility. If the American Government will make serious effort to prevent a repetition of Paris, and will agree to a fair presentation of the cases of these two nations to the American public by a substantial measure of open diplomacy—as they undoubtedly will—the result cannot fail to be a broad enlightenment and a dissipation of much of the prevailing hostility and suspicion. In that case, as I see the prospects, even if the Administra-

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tion is subsequently unable to obtain the necessary Senate vote for ratification of any agreement that is reached, the result will be a splendid clearing of the atmosphere of distrust, and a more general realization of the broad facts of the situation existing among the Powers.

The World War left but three Powers upon the seas—one in Europe, one in Asia, and one in the Americas. The vital interests of none of these Powers really conflict. Two of them are able to get along with each other, and are even allied. Whether the third, and overwhelmingly the greatest, is able to get along with the others, the forthcoming conference will demonstrate to those who are able to comprehend the lessons that it will teach.

The United States is in a position and has the opportunity practically to dictate the terms, even if those terms are not entirely equitable. What is most needed on our part is wisdom and ordinary courtesy. If we provide these —and we ought to be able to—the successful outcome of the conference is assured.

A PRAYER CONCERNING DEBTS

By MAXWELL ARMFIELD

Not for unnumbered sins I weep;
The fevered or the sluggish day.
Give them the sterile past to keep,
Its aimless way.
They are all wept:—and utterly
Made void of pleasure or of pain.
The room is garnished; let there be
Dawn once again.
All the great things I have not done,
All I have buried in the earth;
O let me but begin to do,
Give them rebirth.
For these I weep, and having wept,
All is now done.
And still, with quiet hands, I wait
To greet the sun.

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SCANDINAVIA'S PROBLEM

By GENERAL CHARLES H. SHERRILL

MUCH has been said and written of the world war's effect on Continental Europe and the British Isles, but next to nothing about Scandinavia's changed status due to the same cause. Before the war Sweden was ever confronted with danger from Russian invasion on her eastern front, and Denmark was still suffering from the seizure of the Schleswig agricultural lands on her southern boundary, the first fruits of Bismarck's grouping of a Pan-German bloc shortly to become, under his aggressive leadership, the German Empire. Norway had developed a splendid merchant marine with a tonnage exceeding three million, for which, however, she badly needed coal. Then the war broke out. Even though Denmark, Sweden, and Norway took no belligerent part in the great struggle, they could not entirely escape its destruction. All three of these northern kingdoms suffered from submarines and floating mines, Norway worst of all, for she lost one thousand one hundred and sixty-two seamen and a half of her pre-war shipping. On the credit side of the balance, in the matter of cold cash, the citizens of all three nations benefited by their position as neutrals, with the result that the profiteers of Scandinavia are noticeably abroad in the land. Furthermore, although non-participants in the fighting, two of those northern nations actually gained territory; Norway by the Paris treaty of February ninth, 1920, receiving the rich coal fields of Spitzbergen, theretofore No-Man's-Land, while for Denmark came a solution of the old Danish Duchies question by the Allies' return to her (confirmed by the 1921 plebiscite) of Northern Schleswig, taken by Bismarck in 1864. Together

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with this territory, half again as large as Rhode Island, she receives an added population of nearly two hundred thousand, a comfortable addition to her three million and forty-nine thousand. Norway's two and a half million gained no addition from the Spitzbergen annexation. Such was the appreciation showed by the Allies for the benevolent neutrality of those two countries. But Sweden was, on the whole, pro-German, perhaps not so much from preference for the German side of the struggle, as because for centuries she constantly dreaded the Russian giant on her eastern frontier and could see only the promised friendship of Germany as a help in case of need. We outsiders may not dread the sword of Damocles, but we must not expect Damocles to forget what is constantly hanging over his head! How could the Swedes be expected to side openly with the French nation which had entered into such close relations with the dreaded Moscovite, relations both governmental and also financial, through Russian Loans bought widely by the French, peasant and banker alike. The history of Russia is nothing but a long series of absorptions of frontier neighbors, and how could a small nation like the six million Swedes resist one hundred and seventy million Russians, if and when their growing demand for an outlet upon the North Sea became insistent? For do not forget that Sweden is not only a Baltic power, but also possesses the fine ice-free port of Göteborg, looking out westerly across the North Sea.

As a result of the war Sweden has actually lost territory, for a Commission appointed by the Allies adjudicated the Aland Islands to the newly erected free state of Finland, notwithstanding the fact that those islands are inhabited by twenty-seven thousand pure blooded Swedes, who in a plebiscite voted almost unanimously (ninety-five per cent) to be incorporated with Sweden. Furthermore, they are only seventy-five miles as the crow files from Stockholm, the capital and heart of Sweden, which could, with the Big Berthas of modern artillery, be bombarded from the Alands. The argument that the nine per cent of the Finnish population who are Swedes approve this allotment of islands to

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Finland, falls to the ground when we reflect that this slender minority would naturally welcome the addition of the twenty-seven thousand Swedes inhabiting those islands. Sweden, all of Sweden, feels this decision keenly; it is a blow to her pride as well as a danger to her capital.

At first glance, therefore, it would seem that although Norway and Denmark gained by the Allies' victory in the war, Sweden the pro-German had lost; but has she? Must it not be counted as a great gain for her that at last, by the collapse of Russia, the ages-long peril on her eastern border has been eliminated? And if and when Russia casts off the hideous spell of Bolshevism and becomes once more a great power, even then is not Sweden guaranteed against a Moscovite swoop by the buffer state of Finland, a compact body of three million five hundred thousand souls, progressive and well educated? Has not Sweden thus gained, at no cost but the Aland Island blow to her pride, that very security for her future which is the one thing France is still seeking and must have? The Eastern Front Nightmare has been laid for Sweden, but not so for France, complete victor though she was in the greatest war of all history. This Russian peril, so dreaded in Sweden, was also a menace to Norway, for if Sweden were overrun by Cossack hordes, her westerly neighbor would not have escaped invasion. Some Norwegians, notably their great leader, Gunnar Knudsen, have always poohpoohed this danger, but not so most of the Norse folk. So much for the territorial changes brought by the war to Scandinavia.

And now for a further comment upon the Russian peril, which will reveal still another change due to the war. This peril existed by sea as well as by land, because Russia possessed a powerful fleet, but the Russian debacle of 1917 completed what the Japanese victory of Tsushima Straits began —the elimination of Russia as a naval menace in the Baltic. Nor does that fact alone finish the story of the war's effect upon that large inland sea, for it also reduced the German naval force to insignificant proportions. No longer will the

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Kiel Canal serve as a naval shuttle to shift the powerful German home fleet from the North Sea to the Baltic or vice versa. No, the Baltic is freed from overpowering naval control by Russia or Germany, and has become an international lake somewhat like the Mediterranean. The delivery of the German fleet to the Allies at Scapa Flow restored for Sweden and Denmark the equilibrium of the Baltic, but Sweden needs a triple equilibrium —Baltic, Scandinavian and European. All three seem achieved, but unfortunately Sweden is still in the bad books of France, which now dominates the European equilibrium. Doubtless, Sweden will seek to remedy this, and given the intelligence of her leaders and the fact that her able and widely popular king is the great-grandson of the French Marshal Bernadotte, the end desired should surely be attained. Nor would such an adjustment be entirely one-sided. France has shown by her interest in Poland and the so-called Petite Entente countries of Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, and Jugo-Slavia, how greatly she values friends upon the eastern and southern borders of Germany, and why is it not logical that she should follow the same policy upon the north of her late foe, and realize the usefulness of a Swedish friendship? And no one can deny that the French mind is the most logical of any in Europe.

And now let us consdier the post-war points of view of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, first upon foreign affairs, and then upon their domestic problems. In no other part of the world will a traveller's preconceived notions receive such a jolt—such a rude awakening to an unexpected state of affairs, as when for the first time he visits Scandinavia. He will expect to find conditions and public opinion similar in all three countries. Not at all—they are basically quite different. It is true that the Danes, Swedes and Norwegians are all of one family, that their languages are so similar as to be readily understood each one by both the others, and that they have many tastes and customs alike. But there it ends; they are all of one family, but because of Danish

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specializing in agriculture, of Swedish industrialism, and of Norwegian love for sea-trading, as well as by reason of their entirely distinct attitudes upon foreign affairs, they are very dissimilar brothers. Picture to yourself three sons given a holiday to spend each as he prefers, and the Norwegian brother goes boating, the Danish a-gardening, whilst the Swedish turns to mechanics. All are of the same family circle, but each has his own individual tendencies, which, however, in no wise make for disturbance of the family harmony. And the war has brought this family closer together, for one very significant result, frequently overlooked, is that from it has grown up a close inter-Scandinavian friendship not theretofore existing.

During the fighting, the position as neutrals naturally led to conferences (at Malmö and elsewhere) upon how that neutrality should be maintained, which in turn brought about plans to exchange certain products one had in plenty and the others, because of war blockades, lacked. Those conferences developed into an annual inter-parliamentary meeting to which each of the three parliaments elects from its own body twenty representatives, having due proportionate regard to the strength of its political parties. These meetings effect a number of useful purposes; postage within Scandinavia is fixed at half the charge to outside countries, etc. Above all, opportunity is given not only for their statesmen to become mutually acquainted but also to blow off steam upon any topic which for the moment may be causing anoyance. Steam never leads to explosions unless it is confined, which is even truer in politics than in dynamics. I had occasion to remark a case in point, for I was in Copenhagen while one of these meetings was being held July sixth, 1921, a few miles away. Its most discussed episode was the ringing speech of the Norwegian Storthing's President, Gunnar Knudsen, protesting against a further development of inter-Scandinavian relations. The Danes and even more so the Swedes hastened to explain to inquiring foreigners that those inter-nation relations were in no sense an alliance, not

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even an entente, but it was nevertheless clear that they were both willing to be headed in the direction which the Norwegian opposed. He protested that Norway had had enough of union, and that it might as well be definitely understood that the present status of inter-parliamentary council marked a point beyond which Norway would not go.

Was he remembering that Prussia (or shall we say Bismarck?) constructed the German Empire of a customs union plus a common victory gained by its members against an outside foe? Be that as it may, no one can blink the fact that the very existence of these inter-parliamentary meetings has perhaps unwittingly brought into existence a Scandinavian Monroe Doctrine—an unwritten defensive alliance that would unitedly oppose any seizure of Scandinavian territory by an outsider. And if ever a united front did become necessary against such a foe and a joint war cabinet were formed, it would seem as if its Minister of Marine would naturally come from Norway, its Minister of Agriculture from Denmark, and its Minister of Foreign Affairs from Sweden. Knudsen's position will be explained by remembering that it was his party, the Radicals, that commenced, in 1885, the agitation for separation from Sweden, which they brought to success in the Karlstad agreement of September twenty-fifth, 1905. The sensible and decent way in which Sweden assented to that secession of Norway displays one of the finest moments of Scandinavian statesmanship, which was "self-determination" raised to the *n*th power. All nations should take notice of this notable act by a proud people. With a population over twice that of Norway, and with a far greater wealth, natural resources, and military power, Sweden accepted her neighbor's withdrawal, and that which a century of dispute had rendered inevitable, took place. And with what result? There has come about a friendship between them, a spirit of mutual understanding and appreciation before impossible, and this has benefited and will continue to benefit both parties. Until 1905 the

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Scandinavian equilibrium was always in danger, but that crisis past, it is now stable.

The Swedes believe that these inter-parliamentary meetings would have been much strengthened by a participation of the Finns therein, but the unpleasantness occasioned by their accepting the Aland Islands taken from Sweden has necessarily postponed this. Finland needs the coöperation of Swedish capital to develop her resources, which has also, for the same reason, been adjourned until the Greek Kalends. Notwithstanding the best efforts of the Geneva meeting of the League of Nations of Sweden's representatives, Count Wrangel, the veteran diplomat, Branting, the hard-headed Socialist editor (a past and perhaps a future prime minister!), and Count Ehrensvaärd, leader of her pro-French opinion, a decision was rendered that not only deprives the Sandinavian inter-parliamentary meetings of a valuable factor, but also throws an apple of discord between Sweden and Finland, who ought, for the peace of Europe, to be on the best of terms.

The foreign friendships of the three kingdoms are not and probably never will be the same. Norway is especially friendly to Great Britain and has no marked animosities in other quarters. Denmark is inclined to be self-centered in her friendship, but because of the Schleswig-Holstein episode, has long been unfriendly to Germany, while Sweden, partly by reason of her centuries of Russian peril and partly through German propaganda, has come to count upon Germany's friendship and to be somewhat anti-English. Astute Germany used the Russian peril argument with the Swedes, just as the Kaiser reiterated the Yellow Peril hint with us. And when the French made their alliance with Russia, how neatly that fitted into the German propaganda!

As for Scandinavia's attitude toward France, a clever Swede, Ivar Lagerwall, remarks that the Danes, with their esprit and vivacity, understand the French temperament, but that the Norwegians and Swedes are rather worried by it, just as a hen who sees ducklings taking to water cannot help

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wondering if they will not drown—a feeling that they should not be allowed to indulge in such follies, but meanwhile fascinated by their enterprise.

Generally speaking, Scandinavia's point of view on the world politics is as far removed as possible from the Welt Politik of the Prussian militarist. At the very time the latter was scheming to put Deutschland über Alles, the former (in 1905) was demonstrating how two combined kingdoms could separate in decent self-respecting fashion, and national honor be safeguarded without recourse to arms! And Scandinavia has another and very timely lesson to teach. Is it not wiser policy to be a strong small power like Norway or Sweden, than to be a weak large one like the new Poland? Would not those newly created countries of Europe, born at Versailles, do well to study the national attitude in this regard of the sturdy little kingdoms of Denmark, Norway and Sweden?

We may remark in passing that, after a fashion, Swedish and American points of view upon foreign affairs are similar. The subject incites but languid interest in both countries. Both of us are cut off by water from continental Europe. Very many more of us visit foreign countries than foreigners come to visit us. Neither of us desires territorial aggrandizement, and we are both willing to let well enough alone. We believe that small and large countries are entitled to exactly the same treatment regardless of their size—that their status is the same, regardless of their stature; so does Sweden.

Coming now to the consideration and conduct of their home affairs, differences between the countries are as noticeable as those we observed in their attitude in foreign affairs. In this regard it is perhaps enlightening to remark how different are the leading statesmen in each land, since such dignitaries are apt to be nationally typical. A man does not become Prime Minister or Minister of Foreign Affairs unless he possesses certain qualifications of thought and personality which appeal to his compatriots. In a sense, therefore, perhaps without either he or they realizing it, he is

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apt to incarnate public opinion. In Denmark the Prime Minister, Mr. Neils Neergard, by his moderate Liberalism, combined with a practical Socialism, certainly typifies in excellent fashion the marked common sense everywhere evidenced in that land of coöperative agriculture. In Sweden, where until the September, 1921, elections, there was so even a balance between the political parties that no one had sufficient working majority to undertake the responsibilities of government, the Prime Minister, Oscar von Sydow, frankly avowed that he was a member of no one political party, but only an administrative officer! His success as a judge, as governor of the northern provinces, as commissioner in boundary questions with Norway, and recently as commissioner to supervise the Schleswig-Holstein plebiscite, gained for him such wide public confidence that he was selected as the best type of non-political efficient to head a cabinet of balanced parties. Temperamentally he possesses the necessary poise for such a task, and in that regard he represents the Swedish national good sense so admirably displayed during the 1905 secession of Norway. Otto Blehr, Prime Minister of Norway since Gunnar Knudsen, his party-mate, resigned in his favor in September, 1920, certainly personifies in truthful fashion the determined Radicalism so popular in that rugged country, and both he and Knudsen (long political associates) by their mature years and sturdy forms reflect the settled opinion and forward-faced enterprise inherited from Viking ancestors.

As in these Scandinavian Prime Ministers, so too in their Ministers for Foreign Affairs, is local public opinion reflected and incarnated. Mr. Raested, the Norwegian Minister for Foreign Affairs, has had more experience therein than his appearance of early middle age would indicate. He is cautious of speech and of a simple pleasantness in conversation, during which he frequently recurs to how greatly Norway desires closer relations with the United States, and one is surely not long in Christiania before learning that in this respect the Minister is typically Norwegian. Mr.

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Harald Scavenius, head of the Danish Foreign Office and formerly Minister to Russia, is the third of that name and family to hold that post in immediate succession. All three cousins are trained diplomats, but so far from constituting a political dynasty, they all differ in politics; Harald Scavenius being a Radical, Eric Scavenius a Conservative, while O. C. Scavenius, the first of the series (but now Director at the Foreign Office) has no political color at all. The unusual spectacle of three men, all of the same name, succeeding each other in the same high office is in itself a demonstration of Danish insistence upon steady governmental progress regardless of changing phases of politics. In Count Wrangel, trained to diplomacy as secretary in five legations and as Minister in Paris, Brussels, The Hague, Petrograd, and finally for fourteen years in London, Sweden has not only a thoroughly well prepared Minister for Foreign Affairs but also one who by reason of long residence in London and his charming French wife, is so informed on both British and French points of view as to be specially well equipped to treat with those two victors in the Great War. The long connection of his ancestors with their country's government means that having an unusual grasp of the historical development of Sweden's point of view, he personifies to a marked degree her foreign policy.

(*This article will be concluded in the November issue.*)

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SIX MONTHS OF SECRETARY HUGHES

By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

IF Mr. Hughes maintains the standards set during the first six months of his control of our foreign relations, history will record him as one of America's greatest Secretaries of State.

Not since the days of Root and Hay has there been such a combination of firmness, political shrewdness and idealism in the direction of America's foreign affairs. Where Mr. Hughes' predecessors since 1908 floundered or theorized or vacillated, he has kept both feet firmly on the ground, and yet not lost sight of his ideals.

There was doubt expressed when the public first heard of his selection. Mr. Hughes was still laboring under the curse of the 1916 campaign. His enemies likened him to Wilson. They said he was obstinate, that he resented advice, that he knew nothing of the world beyond America.

But it took less than six weeks in office to dispel this hallucination. Mr. Hughes, it was discovered, had lost his mantle of ice. He showed great firmness, but sought advice and readily accepted it when it was sound. He manifested an uncanny shrewdness and quickness in mastering the intricate problems brought before him. Those who had dealings with him were struck with his skill in discarding the non-essentials. He examined questions thoroughly, from all possible angles. But his decision was swift and sound.

The country, however, could only judge from his public statements. And these, instead of being in the long-winded ambiguous verbose style of the Wilson Administration, were

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brief, clear and firm. The world was surprised. It had become so accustomed to Wilsonian methods that it was convinced that of the making of notes there was no end. The policy of shaking the fist and then the finger had deadened any latent belief that behind these notes was a firm intent. But in Mr. Hughes' statements, from the first to the latest, there has been a ring of conviction, a firmness of purpose, that has been as refreshing as a cool breeze after a fevered night. As they read them, people said to each other, "Mr. Hughes means business!" And this has indeed proved true.

One of the first important questions brought before the new Secretary of State was the Panama-Costa Rica boundary dispute. This had dragged along for years, and was a sore spot in our Pan-American relations. Panama refused to abide by an arbitration award made by Chief Justice White. War with Costa Rica threatened. Firm action was required. The Secretary never hesitated. A principle was at stake—the sanctity of arbitration awards. Panama and Costa Rica had agreed, before it was made, to abide by the White award, and under the circumstances Mr. Hughes announced that the United States stood firmly back of the decision of the Chief Justice. Not to enforce the award was to make a mockery of the principle of arbitration.

Panama, accustomed to the Wilson wobbling, protested again, and yet again. Mr. Hughes stood pat and in May announced that "reasonable time" would be allowed Panama to accept the award. In August, Panama being still obdurate, the Secretary announced that the reasonable time had elapsed, and dispatched a battalion of marines to preserve order. Panama accepted.

There are three lessons in this affair. The first is the unflinching adherence to a principle. This same firmness has marked all of the Secretary's acts. The second is the use of the big stick. The Secretary knew that unless American troops were near, there would be war and bloodshed. Having taken the precaution, he preserved the peace. The third lesson is the appreciation of the effect on our Latin-

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American policy. South America considered Panama as the special pet of the United States. Panama counted on this and hoped that the United States would reverse the award that favored Costa Rica at Panama's expense. Therefore, when the United States upheld Costa Rica and the cause of justice, it made a deep impression in the Latin countries.

The importance of this Panama action is all the greater in view of the unfortunate blunder of the administration in passing the Colombian blackmail treaty. Mr. Hughes, it appears, had little to do with this, and the principle odium belongs to Senator Lodge, whose extraordinary reversal of the policy which he had upheld for eighteen years can find no charitable explanation. The evident part that oil played in affecting the passage of the treaty made it quite plain to the South American nations that the United States acted not because they believed Colombia's claim just, but solely because they hoped by paying this bribe of twenty-five million dollars to protect American interests from foreign encroachment. The impression in South America, where Colombia's claim has always been supported, can therefore only be most unfortunate. The Panama affair, on the other hand, will go far towards offsetting this vicious blunder. So also will the withdrawal of American marines from Santo Domingo.

Two other acts early in the Administration were also significant. The first was the declaration that Soviet Russia was still beyond the pale. The second was the approval of the China Consortium. In pledging the support of the Government to the American group in this four-power banking syndicate to control the financing of Chinese loans, the Secretary confirmed the policy of protecting American rights in China and paved the way for the active resumption of the Open Door policy. Mr. Wilson in 1913 condemned governmental support of American business in China, and later reversed himself. Mr. Hughes at once gave the policy new vigor.

More important still, he later took occasion to elucidate his position on the Open Door in a note that stands out as

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particularly significant in view of the coming Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. "Your reference to the principle of the Open Door," he wrote to the Chinese Minister, Dr. Sze, "affords me the opportunity to assure you of this Government's continuance in its whole-hearted support of the principle which it has traditionally regarded as fundamental both to the interests of China itself and to the common interests of all powers in China, and indispensable to the free and peaceful development of their commerce on the Pacific Ocean.

"The Government of the United States has never associated itself with any arrangement which sought to establish any special rights or privileges in China which would abridge the rights of the subjects or citizens of other friendly states, and I am happy to assure you that it is the purpose of this Government neither to participate nor to acquiesce in any arrangement which might purport to establish in favor of foreign interests any superiority of rights with respect to commercial or economic development in designated regions of the territories of China, or which might seek to create any such monopoly or preference as would exclude other nationals from undertaking any legitimate trade or industry or from participating with the Chinese Government in any category of public enterprise."

This declaration was a reaffirmation of America's China policy.

The next important step was the note on mandates, with special reference to Yap. The Secretary picked up the negotiations started by Mr. Colby and developed them with force and finality. The United States, he pointed out, had not authorized either the League of Nations or the Supreme Council to bind it in any negotiations. "It will not be questioned," he said, "that the right to dispose of the overseas possessions of Germany was acquired only through the victory of the Allied and Associated Powers, and it is also believed that there is no disposition on the part of the British Government to deny the participation of the United

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States in that victory. It would seem to follow necessarily that the right accruing to the Allied and Associated Powers through common victory is shared by the United States and that there would be no valid or effective disposition of the overseas possessions of Germany now under consideration without the assent of the United States."

Not only did this position affect Yap, but it indicated America's stand on the Mesopotamian question which had been in dispute and it did so in a manner that could not be refuted. In September Mr. Hughes took occasion to elaborate America's stand on mandates, developing this same argument. It was evident that he "meant business."

His next adventure was with Germany. Accustomed to browbeating the Wilson administration, the German Government tried the old tactics on Mr. Hughes. It sought to enlist American sympathy on the side of Germany in the matter of reparations. It hoped that Mr. Hughes would show the administration's gratitude for the German vote in the 1920 election by using his influence to moderate the reparations.

But Secretary Hughes' first announcement was to the point. "This Government," he said, "stands with the Governments of the Allies in holding Germany responsible for the war, and therefore morally bound to make reparations so far as may be possible."

Germany ignored the bitter thrust in the first part. Seeing only the last phrase, she thought it was a Wilsonism. She suggested that America act as mediator between the Allies and the common enemy.

Mr. Hughes refused, and urged the German Government "at once to make directly to the Allied Governments clear, definite and adequate proposals which would in all respects meet with its just obligations."

Germany then accepted his advice and the reparations were paid.

Poland, probably motivated by France, next tried to "pull his leg" and entangle him in the Silesian question.

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Mr. Hughes at once pointed out that this was "a matter of European concern in which, in accord with the traditional policy of the United States, this Government should not become involved." The statement was categorical and effective and put an end to misunderstandings in Europe.

The scene then shifted to Mexico. "When it appears," wrote the Secretary, "that there is a Government in Mexico willing to bind itself to the discharge of primary international obligations, concurrently with that act, its recognition will take place." He pointed out that certain provisions of the Mexican Constitution could be interpreted retroactively and could then be applied in a confiscatory manner. So long as they were not interpreted conforming to international law, America could not recognize the Mexican Government. He made it plain that it was a matter of legal status, and not a question of personality.

The negotiations proceeded slowly and deliberately. It took Mr. Obregon some time to realize that Mr. Hughes meant what he said. He made various feints, and was so ill-advised as to turn (so the report goes) to one of Mr. Wilson's most notorious publicity agents for advice and counsel. He also appealed to the people of the United States through the press.

But Mr. Hughes was patient, and when someone apparently by mistake ordered several gunboats to Tampico, the Secretary withdrew them and made it plain that there was no desire in any way to repeat the Vera Cruz incident.

He allowed Under-Secretary of State Fletcher to give an interview to *El Universal,* one of the leading Mexican papers, in which America's friendly intentions were made thoroughly clear. He urged the oil men to settle their difficulties direct with the Mexican Government. He did everything in his power to smooth the path of the negotiations. Through it all he was firm but just.

Of the separate peace with Germany not much can yet be said. By cutting out all those articles of the Versailles Treaty prejudicial to America's interests, an agreement has

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been reached which preserves to America practically all the benefits of this treaty without its disadvantages. The fact that we have not taken up the European's burden seems to have annoyed the Administration's critics. They appear to feel that we received too much in the bargain and did not give away enough. Much more to the point, however, is the fact that instead of chasing after rainbows, the Secretary has looked after America's interests first, and has among other things, obtained a reaffirmation of America's joint interest in Yap and other German mandated territories.

Stephane Lauzanne, one of France's sanest journalists, views this treaty from the point of view of America's special interests. "Happy America!" he writes. "She has just signed a peace treaty with Germany after having negotiated it alone, without partners who praise you today and betray you tomorrow, and without dealing in compromises and politics and lying promises. Her plenipotentiaries have had to consider only American interests; have had to take account of only American wishes; have had to defend only American traditions. Her statesmen will in the future have to consult only the American people if difficulties arise over the execution of the treaty. Thrice happy America!"

And yet this seems to annoy the Administration's enemies.

But in the negotiations for the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, the Secretary of State has shown that he possesses true statesmanship. Coming at the particular time and in the particular manner, it at once placed America in the rôle of world leader. More important still, it opened the way to a closer Anglo-American understanding. It made it possible to seek cooperation in the settlement of those knotty Far Eastern problems which stand in the way of world peace. With great wisdom the Secretary coupled the question of the Pacific with the limitation of armaments, realizing full well that none of the nations would consider disarming so long as there were acute problems unsolved. But he went one step further and made it possible to bring

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up the discussion of questions such as came up before the Hague conferences. By inviting merely the five powers he recognized the fact that the general peace of the world is now in the custody of a particular group of nations. In them resides the power, and there can be no effective guarantee of peace that is not backed by power.

There is, of course, much more than appears on the surface in the negotiations for this conference. There have been daily meetings between the Secretary of State and foreign Ambassadors. Notes have been exchanged as to subjects for discussion. Efforts have been made to settle pending negotiations that might otherwise prove embarrassing. It has been made clear to Japan that the conference is in no way meant to arraign her before the Western powers. Proposals have been advanced to class Shantung and Yap as "accomplished facts" outside the sphere of the conference. The substitution of an Anglo-Japanese-American understanding for the old Anglo-Japanese Alliance has been suggested.

In other words, the calling of the conference has made it possible to bring up for settlement many of the most puzzling questions at present disturbing the world. And once these are disposed of it will be possible to take active steps towards the reduction of armaments.

The matter may be summed up thus:

In six months the new Secretary of State has placed America's foreign policy on firm foundations. He has recognized that economic facts are at the base of international relations. By his action in Panama, by the withdrawal of American troops from Santo Domingo, and by his Mexican policy, he has strengthened us immeasurably in South America. He has stood out against German intrigue and forced Germany to do her duty. He has negotiated peace with that country. By keeping us out of the Silesian muddle he has reaffirmed America's traditional policy of not mixing into local European affairs, but by naming a delegate to the supreme council he has reestablished contact with European

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nations, and made it possible for us to speak when our interests are concerned. He has established our right to a voice in the mandates. He has revived the doctrine of the Open Door in China. And finally he has called a conference to remove the most imminent causes of war and has done it in a manner calculated to place America in the strongest possible position.

This is a record of achievement. He came into office to find our foreign relations demoralized and our national prestige frittered away. In six months he has pulled America out of the slough. Where all was dark before, we now see the dawn of a foreign policy. This is the work of Mr. Hughes.

BODY AND SOUL

By MARIE LUHRS

Her eyes are sleepily gray,
  Her hair droops in oily strands,
And she has an awkward way
  With her fleshy hands.
But her soul is quite different.
Her soul
Has showery hair
That curls enchantingly
When it is wound around a carrot,
Her soul
Has green eyes flecked with brown:
Little wet leaves;
And the lashes are sometimes
Webbed and wet.
Her soul
Has a mouth kiss-shaped,
Cheeks petal-pallid,
And walks with pardonable vanity
In garments that are influenced by the rainbow,
Infatuated with the wind.

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AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

DO the American people deserve all they get—in the theatre? Are they as unintelligent as their regular dramatic entertainment would make them seem? Are they as fascinated by banality as the theatrical producers believe? These and other time honored questions are suggested by the recent address of James M. Beck, in which he pointed out that over one hundred million dollars was spent in New York City alone for theatrical and similar entertainment.

Of course the answer on the part of the manager is that he gives the people what they want—to which the intelligent theatre goer retorts he doesn't want the trash that the manager produces, but he has to have amusement, and so he takes what he can get. Midway between the two there should be the dramatic critic, helping the public as a guide, assisting the producer by fearless and intelligent criticism. A mighty vantage point, not always overcrowded, however.

Before the curtain on the opening night of his new play "The Silver Fox," Mr. William Faversham, one of the most delightful of our actors, in a brief but graceful speech referred to the characters of his play as "five egotists," a description that one wished were true. For egotists are real people, very human beings with whom most of us are familiar and to most of us quite understandable. Not so these five characters of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's translated play, but rather the veriest skeletons of manufactured comedy, awkward as mannikens, mere artificial creations of the oldest type. There was the complaisant husband who introduces the reluctant lover to the historically unsatisfied wife. The comic relief in this comedy was furnished by that other pleistocene theatrical person, the short skirted ingenue, who fools the sapient novelist and reveals all her innate vulgarity in gaudy hangings about the house of the

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man she finally leads into wedlock. The fifth character was introduced for no very clear purpose unless possibly to visualize that dramatic antiquity, the Lovelace who lures ladies to his rooms for an adulterous lunch and a bottle of champagne. If the Eighteenth Amendment accomplishes nothing more, at least it may be effective in driving the American dramatist to invent a new situation, or at least discard one of the most threadbare ones.

When one has stated that the play is the old story of the lax husband who turns his loose wife over to his wobbly friend, one has said all that is necessary, for the elaboration presents nothing of originality and little of amusement. The "brilliant" epigrams that seemed to fall on the ears of the critics with so much originality would seem to argue that it doesn't take much to amuse a dramatic critic. The best that could be said of the unfortunate affair is that Mr. Faversham worked hard to create illusion, but his fervid speeches, lifted as they seemed, out of some past romance, emphasized only the ineffable silliness of the evening.

Rather than condemning the unfortunate dramatic critic for his errors, perhaps one should pity him, for it is little that he gets of the one hundred million dollars that Mr. Beck says is wasted by New York people on the theatre. But what shall one say of an intelligence such as that of Percy Hammond, which seems to be lost when it is transplanted from Chicago to New York? We have long thought of Mr. Hammond as one of the ablest of critics, but in his review of "The Silver Fox" he flounders about, and when it comes to the final declaration, compromises with his apparently uneasy conscience, by a stolid semi-prophecy to the effect that he will be much surprised if the play does not run "long and prosperously." Even Mr. Alan Dale who, despite his lack of scholarship, is a good judge of dramatic values, declares the time worn construction to be an "unusual play." Mr. Alexander Woollcott of the *Times* was apparently the only critic who correctly sensed the play.

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What excuse is there for such a thoroughly inane production as Ziegfeld's Follies at the Globe Theatre? Yet hundreds of people are led there by the spurious criticism and absurdly flattering notices that appeared in the New York papers at the time of its first production.

The appalling lack of originality and the absence of humor makes one wonder at the effrontery of the producers. Surely the tragedies of Kotzebue would afford the "tired business man" more light and shade and entertainment than this feeble and most amateurish attempt to amuse. Even *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *The Old Homestead* would be more enlivening.

* * * * *

Those to whom the Irish playwrights speak poetry—in whom the pathos and whimsy of Irish drama awaken sympathy and affection, will be well pleased with the Play Boy Company's production of Synge's "The Well of the Saints," at the Provincetown Play House.

Had that well worn "smiling-face-covering-an-aching-heart" phrase first been uttered concerning a Synge audience, it would not have been inàpropos—for one sits through this play with many smiles, but they frequently are twisted smiles. For even in Synge's plays of a satirical vein, such as this one and "The Play Boy of the Western World," one is made to feel faintly but persistently the tragedy underlying Ireland, though not as poignantly of course as in "Riders to the Sea," of which every line is a poem.

Fearsome water lies in "The Well of the Saints." Perhaps Synge was answering—in a truly Irish way—the familiar invocation—"Oh, wad some power"—when he showed that unhappiness would be concurrent with the much prayed for power of seeing ourselves, our husbands, our wives, with unbiased vision.

Mr. F. S. Pelly, the producer, has given this play a delicate interpretation—and in every instance has laid the emphasis on the Irish character with exquisite and accurate touch.

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DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

CAN A GENIUS BE DECENT?*

THERE lived in Paris throughout the latter two-thirds of the Nineteenth Century a man named Paul Verlaine. He was a poet of a high order, because he founded a school of poetry. He was a man of a low order, because he was a vile beast. He published during the first forty-four years of his life nine volumes of verse and prose, and in the last eight years of his life twenty volumes. Most of the latter are worthless. Most of the former have something in them which have carried his name around the world.

He was a dipsomaniac, half the time crazed with drink and drugs. He lived in abject poverty most of his days in the company of the worst type of street walkers. He died of a complication of diseases made up of anthritis, diabetes, syphilis, heart disease and bronchitis, in the arms of two women of the town; and five thousand of the most distinguished people of Paris crowded to his funeral which was officially conducted by the French Government.

All this is familiar enough; and from the immense amount of writing which has been done to tell it one would think that another biography of this man would be superfluous. And yet what Mr. Nicolson has written suggests a good deal that is perhaps new to the average reader—to anyone who has not made Verlaine's career a special hobby.

To one reader there is a suggestion that may be a foolish one, but it is nevertheless uppermost when he considers such a life.

Here was a man who, as an example to her son, would be abhorrent to any mother anywhere in the world. There does not appear to be anything in his life that should be emulated by any of us. That life was of a nature concerning which even the realists do not dare to speak openly. And yet the mind of the wretched creature had stored within it a genius which will keep his name before the public as long as the history not only of French, but of any literature exists. Can a man be a genius and be decent? Can a man be a genius and be at all normal? And if the answer is in the negative to either or both of these questions, why do all want to be geniuses?

It would seem that the greatest ambition a human being could have was to be normal, to be inconspicuous, to live a life that contributes to the history and development of mankind its quota of decency, of uprightness,

*"Verlaine," by Harold Nicolson. Constable & Co., London.

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of family life, of children, of high business and professional conduct, and a total absence of the unusual and abnormal. And yet if we were all normal and inconspicuous, what should we do for orators who help us to rise to great occasions, generals who lead us to win great battles, scientists who show us the new development, statesmen who govern us?

It is an amusing paradox. If a child shows signs of being a genius his parents struggle to prevent it. If little Willie takes to drumming the piano father worries and forces him into the counting house. When little M. A. Buenarotti of Casentino tried to draw pictures his father and the other elders shook their heads and worried a great deal and tried to make him a merchant. After all Buenarotti Sr. was an important man in Casentino. What could his son do better than to tread in his father's footsteps? Yet the name of the father—even the name of the town—is long ago forgotten, while the name of the son—Michael Angelo—rings down through the centuries to stimulate and cheer millions of us, hundreds and hundreds of years afterwards.

This somewhat ancient query has been answered in all sorts of ways. Great minds can digest great crimes; geniuses are outside the law; the great are a law unto themselves, and so on. The truth of the matter is that in the first place all geniuses are not impossible creatures, and in the second place all vile creatures are not geniuses. In any case people cannot help being geniuses. Perhaps some people cannot help being vile. The very fact that certain men do, or write, or paint things of great and therefore unusual moment is the result of an abnormal and unusual makeup, and although they may do, or paint, or write something that is wonderful, other things that they do may be quite the reverse. The evil doers frequently go to jail. So do some of the geniuses. Verlaine did. O. Henry did. Yet in order to be a genius it does not appear to be necessary to go to jail. We cannot avoid doffing our hats to Verlaine for some of his amazing verses, but it is a pity that his beastly life has to be advertised because of his poetry. We are taught, we are almost born, to look up to geniuses, and yet nobody would take the bad with the good that many of them possess.

If some great supergenius could come along and write, or paint, or sculpture the story of the normal commonplace human being, the one who after all makes the world go forward, what a blessing it would be! Once in a while we get a glimpse of this. Millet's "The Sower" is one instance. He has made the farmer who tills the soil famous through all time. Some of the old Italians have told the story of a mother's love in their pictures of the Madonna; but the instances are very rare, because the supergeniuses are very rare. No historian has done it, since no historian spends much time on the good people of this world or the peaceful times. He only writes of kings and villains and wars. The answer to this is that the humdrum, normal, proper, decent life is not interesting. The answer to that is that it is interesting—the most interesting thing in the world—but

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that practically nobody has ever lived who had the ability to show it. Only one exception to this seems to exist amongst the fine arts, and that is the art of fiction. Here after all we do get pictures of the normal, commonplace person, and perhaps the fact that half the books taken from public libraries are fiction is a witness that the interest in the normal person is far greater than the interest in the genius.

Verlaine is therefore a man to be cursed by all of us, while some of his volumes are always to be revered. Let us keep his poems—those that are fine and high—by the bedside, and let us stop writing about the man. The less said of his life the better. Perhaps the more said of his best poems the better.

It is an interesting question—this one of the genius and the commonplace—for after all the difference between Shakespeare and the inmates of Bloomingdale is far less than the difference between either of them and the millions of real people who go on doing their best and living decent lives day by day.

Oh, for a man to tell us, through whatever medium, of these splendid, decent millions all around us at this moment!

JOSEPH HAMBLEN SEARS.

HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO WASHINGTON*

WHEN an anonymous Englishman wrote a series of brilliant sketches of contemporaneous English statesmen and the book found a ready sale in the United States, it was foreordained that an American with the requisite knowledge and the same powers of penetration should find a publisher who knows his market and there would be a counterpart American volume. Hence "The Mirrors of Downing Street" is followed by "The Mirrors of Washington," a book that is now being widely read.

"We need fearless criticism of our public men," Mr. Roosevelt remarked in one of his essays, and "The Mirrors of Washington" would have delighted him. It is both fearless and critical. Mr. Roosevelt had a cynical sense of humor and a rather clear insight into the frailties of his companions. He was intimate with some of the men reflected in the Mirror, he knew their weakness and their vanity, and in the privacy of his study he would have read the book and chuckled, and sternly reprobated the irreverent author for daring to strip the great of their tinsel.

That is what this book does. It is a mirror held up to nature, a mirror with the latest scientific improvements, which not only reflects objectively, but as an X-ray attachment that goes through the outer trappings and searches the souls of men, their motives and purposes; the thought that is born in their brains, the ambitions that have controlled them and

*"THE MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON,"—Anonymous, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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the influences that have made them what they are. The book does not make pleasant reading—to some of its subjects. If Hearn was correct in his belief—"that literature is an art of emotional expression", and that the business of the writer is to produce an emotion—he does not say a pleasurable emotion—assuredly the author of "The Mirrors of Washington" measures up to the requirements of Hearn's test, for he must have produced more than one emotion in the bosoms of the men whom he has sketched, and an entirely different set of emotions in his readers.

A book of this character must either be as light and cloying and unsubstantial as a soufflé—a bit of froth hastily whipped up to leave a pleasant taste—or it must have the sharp tang of vinegar to stimulate a jaded palate suffering from an over indulgence of fulsome biographies, and made-to-order memoirs paid for by the grateful heirs, or lives of men who living, were commonplace, and whom not even "the shadow and the dust" could make heroic. In the art of short fiction America now takes first rank, but rarely is a good American biography produced. The reason is simple enough: it is the morbid American fear of saying aught of the dead except praise; the consequence is that so-called biographies are usually "write ups", and they display more of the ingenuity of the press agent than historical knowledge or discriminating analysis or critical study. What American would dare to write of a President or Senator, living or dead, as Lytton Strachey, for instance, wrote of Queen Victoria or Beaconsfield—without malice but with discernment, exposing their foibles, their obstinacy, and their insincerity, and yet giving us perfect pictures of two great historical characters? If that should be done in America the publisher, I am afraid, would face a libel suit and the author would be denounced as a muckraker.

It is a wholesome sign, it is for the advantage of literature and for the benefit of the future historical student that in the author of "The Mirrors of Washington" we have a writer who knows how to use satire and irony, whose cynicism is redeemed by a calm philosophic detachment, who has not been dazzled by the reflections from the mirror of greatness and yet is not blinded by the occasional gleams it flashes; who, writing out of a full mind with an easy and attractive style, is able to keep his balance and sense of proportion.

Bernard Baruch told a woman interviewer in a sentence that he was unable to answer her question about the treaty, because he did not know, and then talked for two hours about himself. "I am what I am because when I was nine years old I saved nine cents." With that as a text here was material for the article to delight a certain type of magazine "How I began life at nine years of age with nine cents and made nine millions before I was nineteen"; articles of that character being, in the belief of the editor, an "inspiration" to the boy who is carrying the newspaper and has made up his mind even at that tender age to own the newspaper and be elected President. Instead of "uplift" we get a sharply etched portrait

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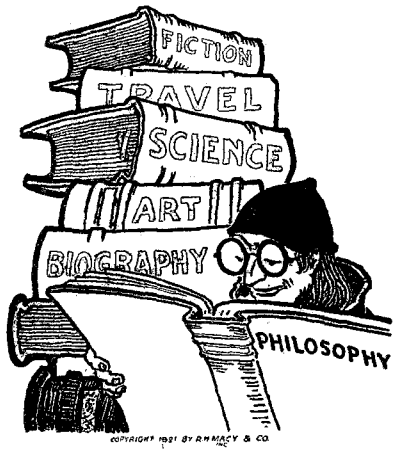
of a man who has something more to commend him than his millions, who, like all men worth anything, is a curious contradiction of the play of force—vain and yet modest, going forward with driving energy but at times diffident, consumed with an unsatisfied ambition, craving place and the power it gives, but with ideals and content to serve.

To the public—knowing only the great by name, thinking that those who sit in the seats of the mighty must necessarily be of the elect, this book will be a shock. The public has a curious habit of either over-praising or underestimating its servants; it usually takes it for granted that when a man has been a long time in public life and reached an exalted position a magical transformation has worked in him, and even if he began life as a politician he has grown into a statesman; he has cast off the temptations of the flesh and, purified by service, with unselfish zeal works only for the public good. Men seldom change. What they are in the beginning they remain to the end. Men have been known to enter public life with ideals and to retain them; but in the sordidness of politics most men forget their early aspirations; it is seldom that they are spiritually regenerated in the grime of politics.

A. MAURICE LOW.

R. H. Macy & Co. Inc.



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